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JAN.-MARCH

WAGON TRAIN

A man mysteriously
disappears from the
wagon train, setting off
a dangerous search

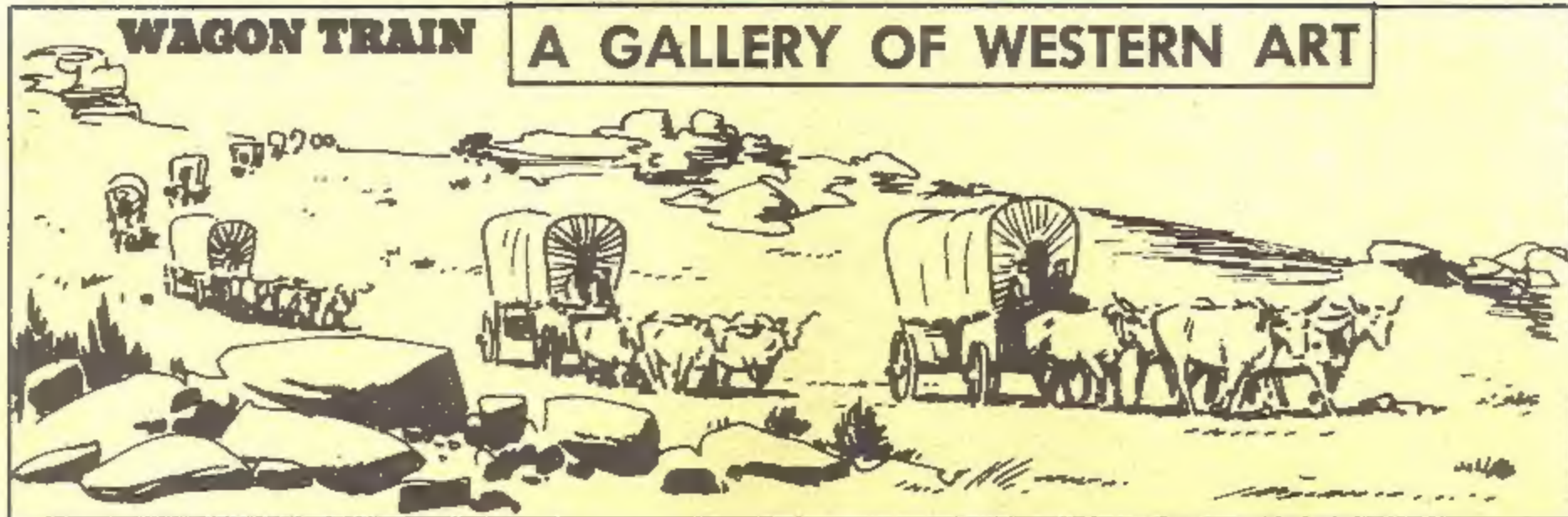
ROBERT
HORTON



JOHN
McINTIRE

WAGON TRAIN

A GALLERY OF WESTERN ART



With the movement westward to such new lands as Wyoming Territory, tales of the wonders of this vast new region began to seep back to the eastern part of the country. The people had an intense curiosity about everything connected with this advancing frontier and an eagerness to see it in pictures, if not in reality.



In addition to explorers, scouts, trappers, and hunters, a new breed of pioneers developed. These were the artists who went west to immortalize on canvas the new land, its people, its scenery, and its way of life.



Many artists worked on commissions from the government, traveling with exploring parties. Some, like our modern foreign correspondents, worked on assignments for eastern newspapers or magazines.



Samuel Seymour accompanied the expedition of Major Stephen Long. His pay was \$1.50 per day for sketching in color what are considered today the earliest known pictures of the Indians of the West in their natural surroundings.



Much of our knowledge of the Indians and their way of life has been gained through the paintings of George Catlin. He lived with the Indians and learned to understand them, just as he learned their customs and spoke their languages.

WAGON TRAIN REVENGE FOR GREEN FORKS

AS WAGONMASTER CHRIS HALE BRINGS THE WAGON TRAIN TO AN OVERNIGHT CAMPSITE, THREE BROTHERS WATCH FROM A SAFE DISTANCE...



THIS OUGHTA BE OUR CHANCE, WADE! WE CAN MOVE IN SOON AS IT GETS DARK!

YEAH! WE'LL LET 'EM SETTLE DOWN GOOD AND QUIET!

YOU...SURE WE'RE GOING AFTER THE RIGHT MAN? WHAT IF YOU'RE WRONG?



NO IF'S ABOUT IT, TOM! HE'S THE ONE WE WANT, ALL RIGHT!



AN' HE'S GONNA PAY FOR WHAT HE DID TO OUR PA!

AND, YOU DON'T FORGET IT, BOY! WE'VE WAITED A LONG TIME TO CATCH UP WITH THIS LOW-DOWN SKUNK!

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.
WAGON TRAIN, No. 12, Jan.-Mar., 1962. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Helen Meyer, President; William F. Callahan, Jr., Executive Vice-President; Harold F. Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director; Bryce L. Holland, Vice-President. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Possessions 60c per year. Subscriptions in Canada 75c per year; Pan-American and foreign countries 90c per year. Dell Subscription Service: 321 West 44th Street, New York 36, N.Y. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright © 1961, by Revue Productions, Inc.

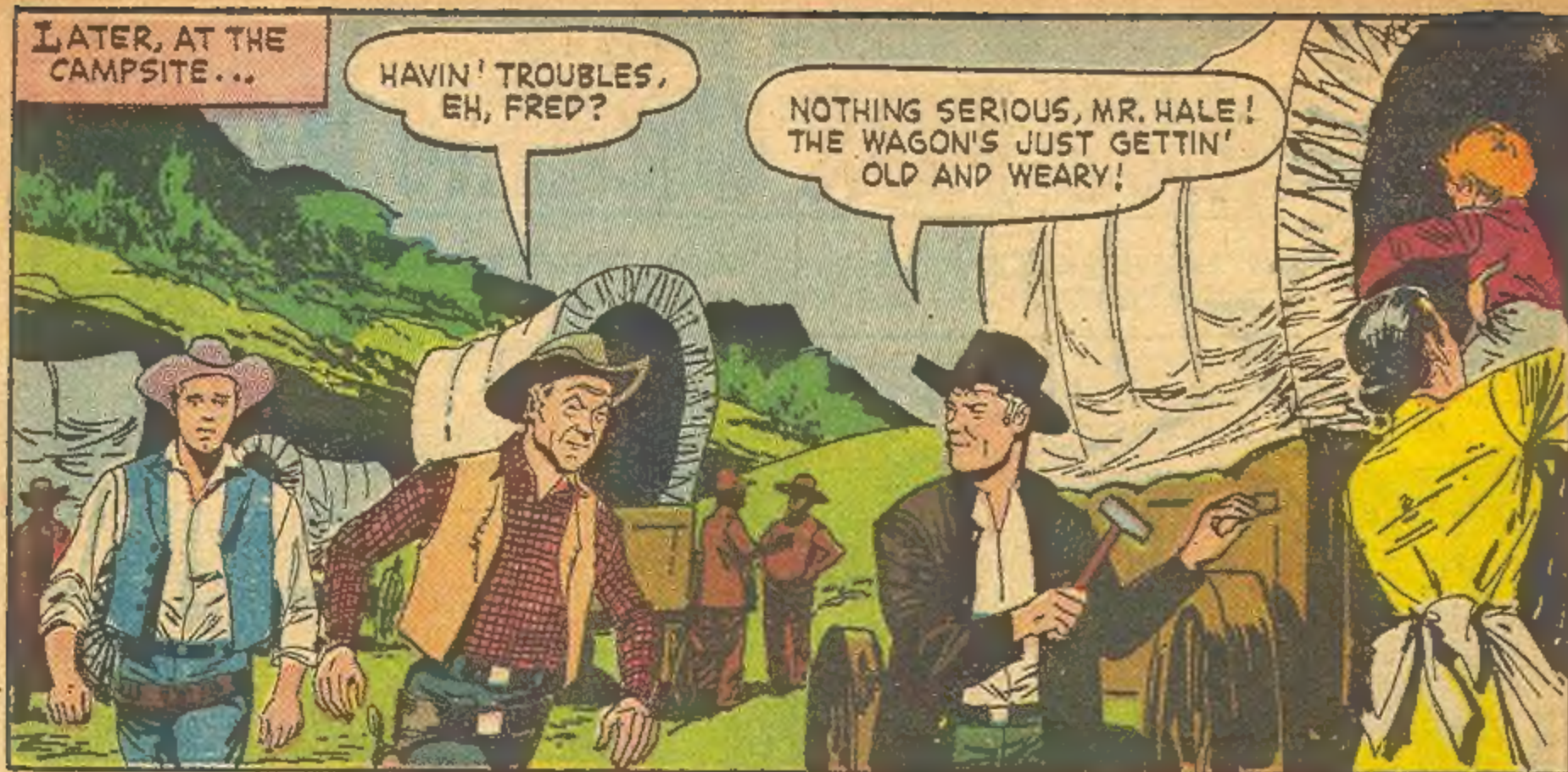
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LATER, AT THE
CAMPSITE...

HAVIN' TROUBLES,
EH, FRED?

NOTHING SERIOUS, MR. HALE!
THE WAGON'S JUST GETTIN'
OLD AND WEARY!



AREN'T WE ALL? THIS PART OF
THE COUNTRY'S ROUGH ON EVERY-
THING! FEW MORE DAYS AND
WE'LL BE ON FLAT GROUND...
BE EASIER GOIN' THEN!



EVENIN', MRS. DANTON!
GETTIN' BILLY TO BED,
EH?

HARDEST JOB
I'VE HAD ALL DAY,
MR. HAWKS!

AWW,
MA...



YOU'VE GOT TO GET YOUR
REST, BILLY! WE'VE GOT A
LOT OF MILES IN FRONT
OF US!

YESSIR!



WELL, G'NIGHT...
SEE YOU ALL AT
SUNUP!

'NIGHT!







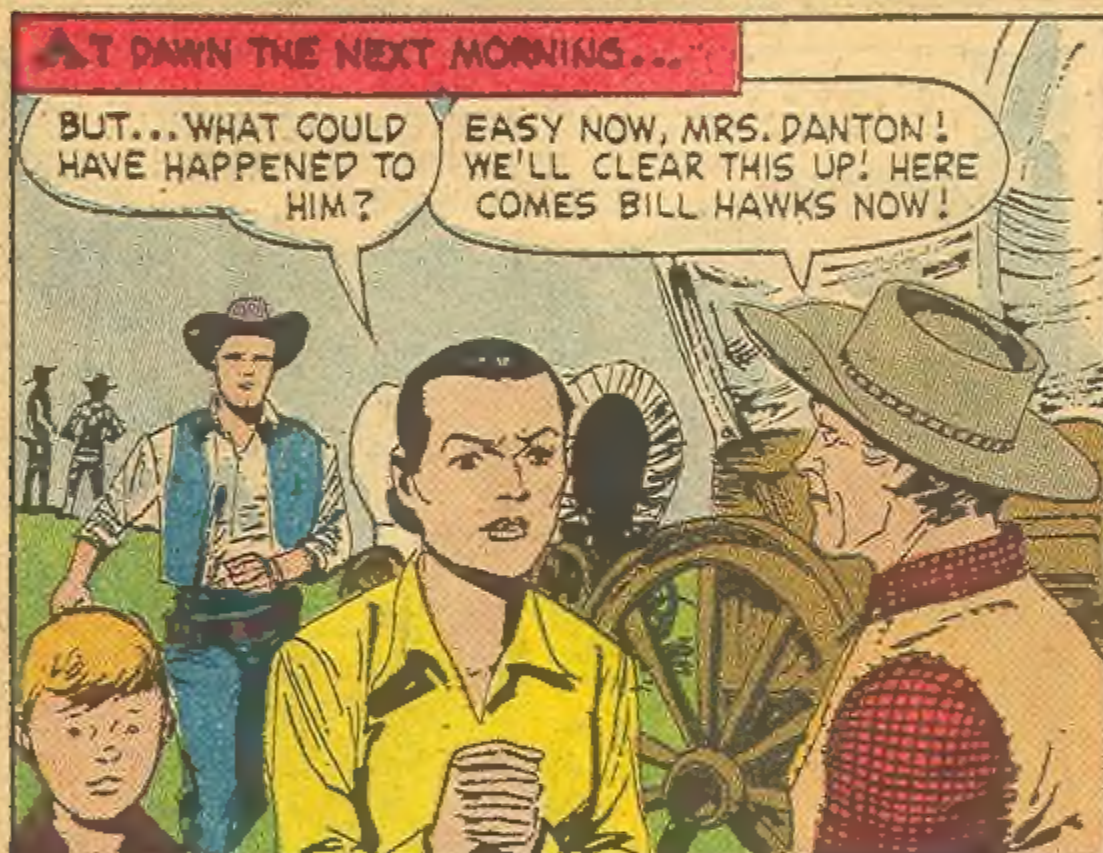
C'MON... LET'S GET HIM TO WHERE TOM'S WAITIN' WITH THE HORSES!

UGGGH... HE'S HEAVY!



PHEW! THIS GUY WEIGHS A TON!

QUIT COMPLAININ'! WE GOT WHAT WE CAME AFTER!



AT DAWN THE NEXT MORNING...

BUT...WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM?

EASY NOW, MRS. DANTON! WE'LL CLEAR THIS UP! HERE COMES BILL HAWKS NOW!



I FOLLOWED THE TRACKS AT THE RIVER! HE WAS CARRIED AWAY BY TWO MEN...THEN...ABOUT THREE HUNDRED YARDS AWAY, I FOUND TRACKS OF FOUR HORSES... HEADED SOUTH!



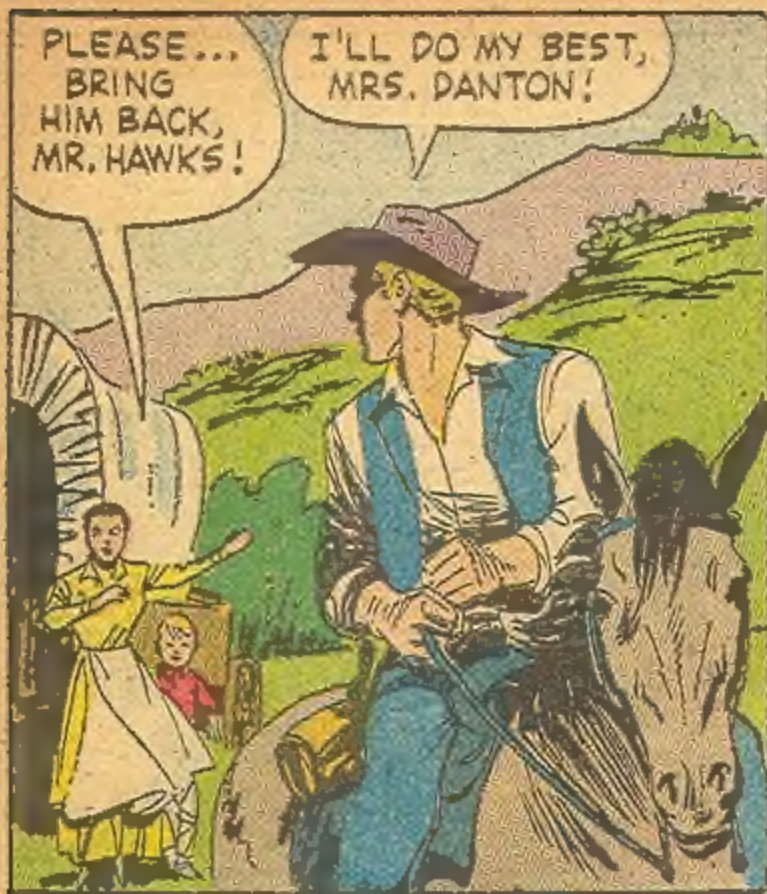
BUT, WHY? WHY WOULD ANYONE TAKE HIM AWAY?

THAT'S WHAT WE'LL HAVE TO FIND OUT!



BILL... I'LL KEEP THE WAGONS MOVING! YOU FIND FRED! TAKE CHARLIE WOOSTER ALONG, IF YOU LIKE!

NO, CHRIS... I'LL GO ALONE! YOU'LL NEED CHARLIE WITH YOU!



PLEASE...
BRING
HIM BACK,
MR. HAWKS!

I'LL DO MY BEST,
MRS. DANTON!



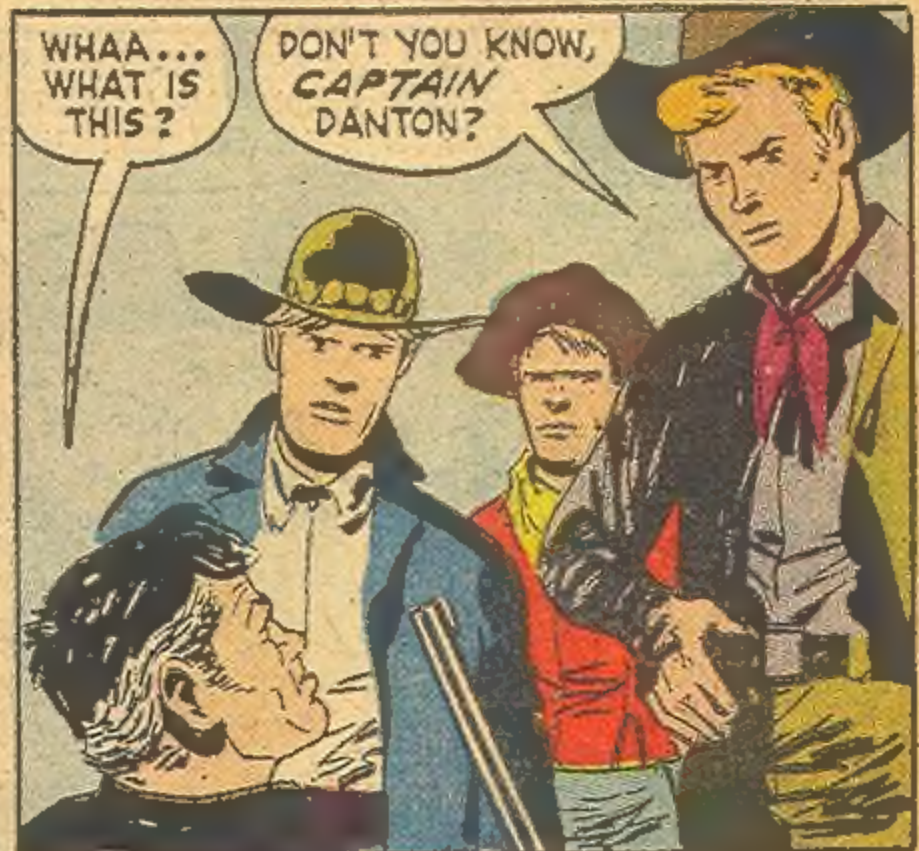
MEANWHILE, MANY MILES SOUTH...

HE'S STARTING TO
COME AROUND,
WADE!

'BOUT TIME!
RECKONED FOR
A WHILE HE WOULD
NEVER WAKE UP!
PULL HIM OFF!



WE'LL REST A BIT! BESIDES, I'M GETTIN'
HUNGRY... TOM CAN HUSTLE US UP SOME
FOOD!



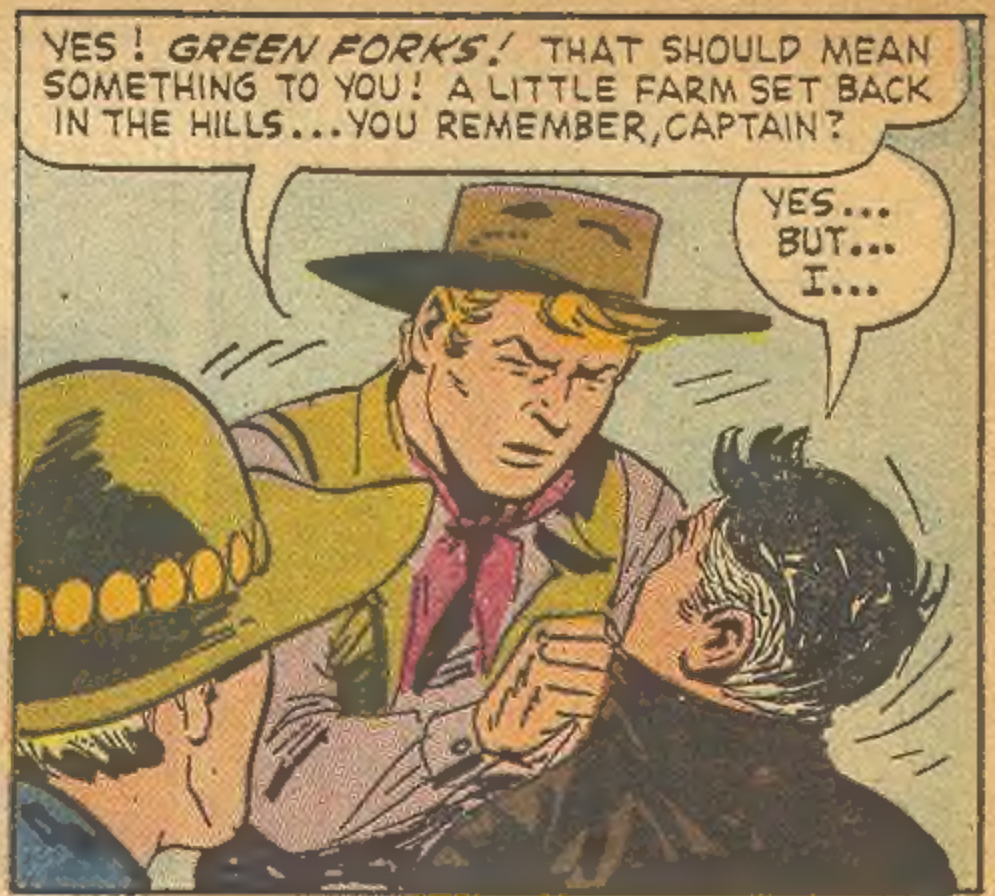
WHAA...
WHAT IS
THIS?

DON'T YOU KNOW,
CAPTAIN
DANTON?



CAPTAIN...? I...
HAVEN'T BEEN CALLED
THAT FOR OVER SIX
YEARS! DID I...
KNOW YOU IN THE
ARMY?

NOSIREEBOB, **CAPTAIN!** YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW
OUR NAMES, BUT WE SURE ENOUGH GOT OUR FILL
OF YOU!







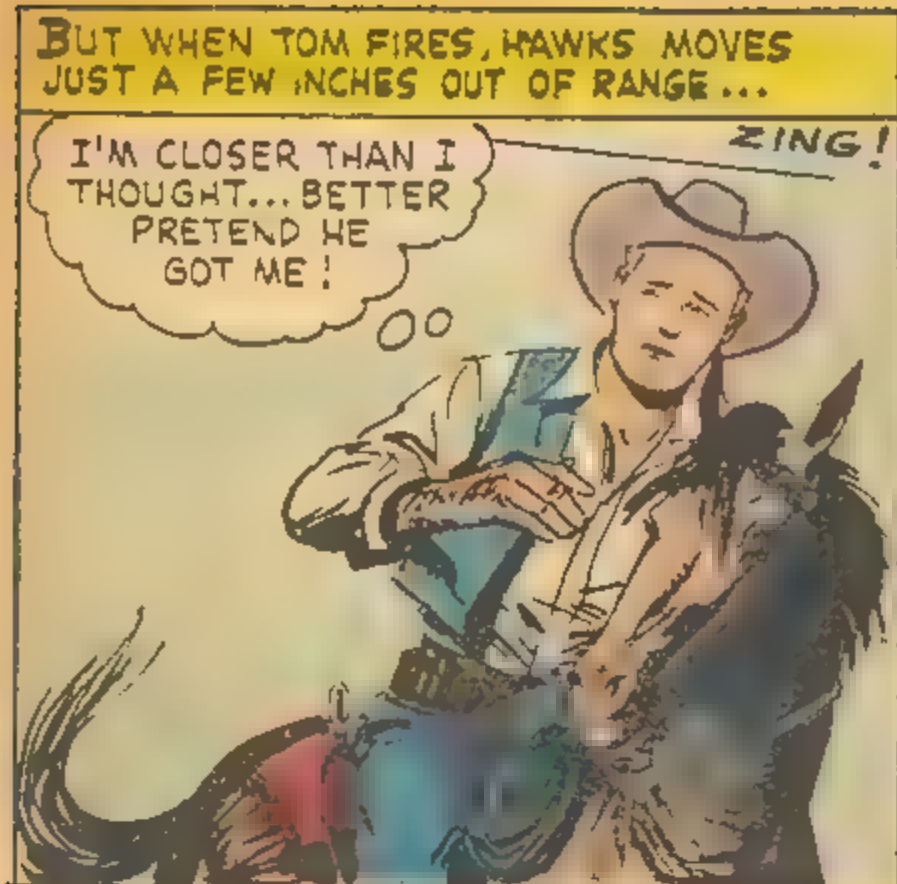




BUT WHEN TOM FIRES, HAWKS MOVES
JUST A FEW INCHES OUT OF RANGE...

I'M CLOSER THAN I
THOUGHT... BETTER
PRETEND HE
GOT ME!

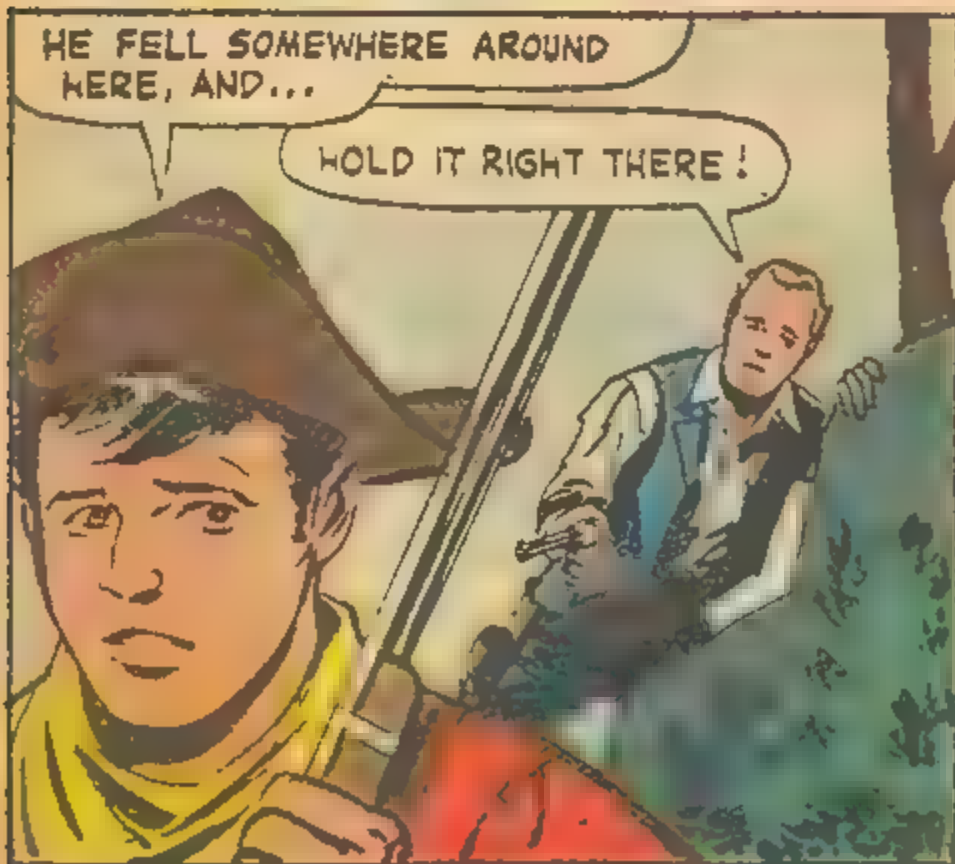
ZING!



LOOKS JUST LIKE ONE OF 'EM UP
THERE! AND HE'S COMING TO MAKE
SURE HE DIDN'T MISS ME! I'VE GOT
TO KEEP HIM ALIVE IF I EXPECT TO
FIND OUT WHERE FRED IS!

HE FELL SOMEWHERE AROUND
HERE, AND...

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!



DROP YOUR RIFLE
AND START TALKING!
WHERE ARE THE
OTHERS?

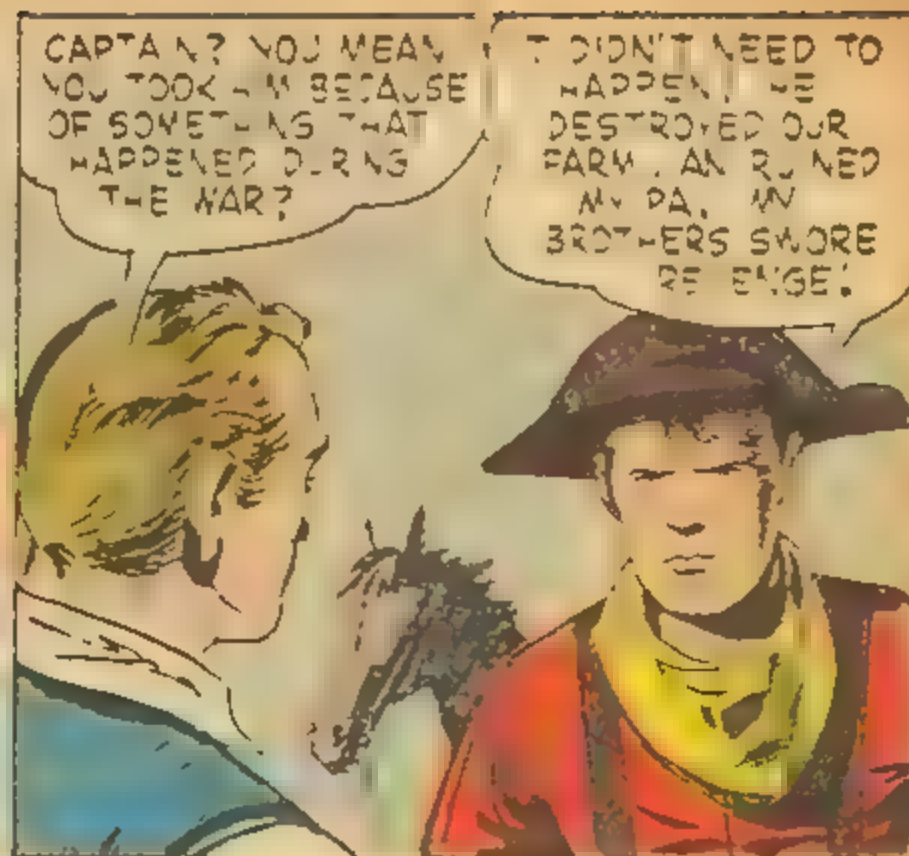
I... DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT!





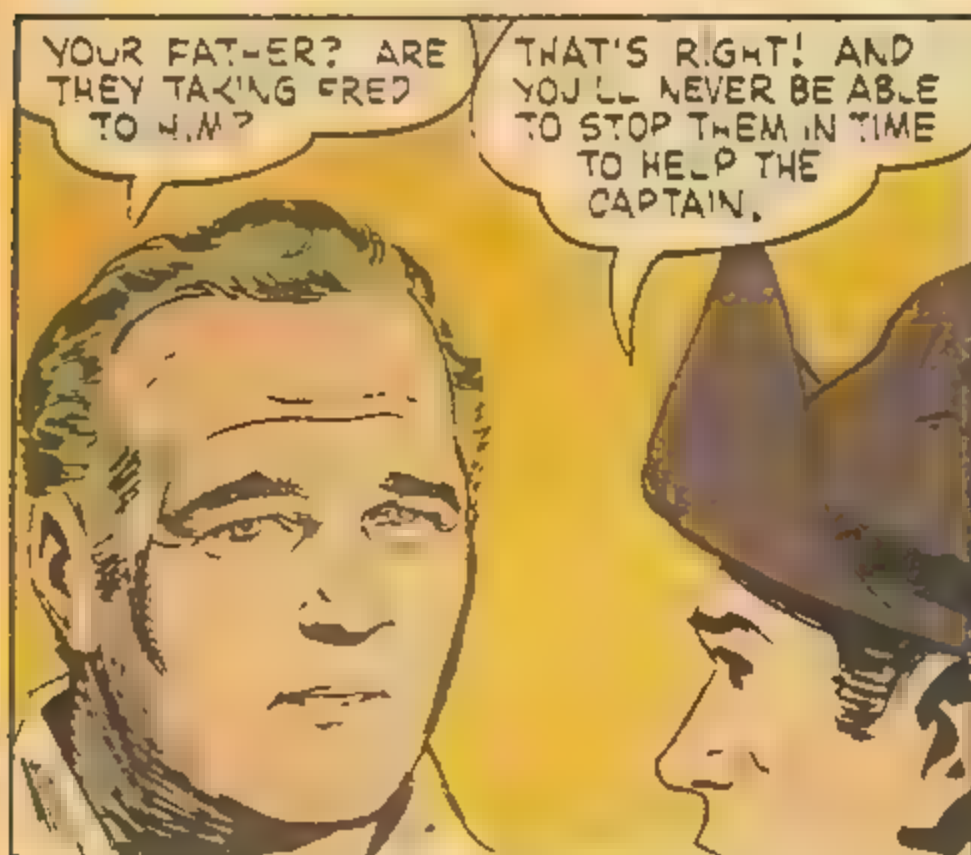
I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO PLAY GAMES, BOY! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH FRED DANTON?

YOU'RE NOT SCARING ME! BESIDES, THE CAPTAIN'S GOT IT COMING!



CAPTAIN? YOU MEAN YOU TOOK HIM BECAUSE OF SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED DURING THE WAR?

IT DIDN'T NEED TO HAPPEN! WE DESTROYED OUR FARM, AND RUINED MY PA. MY BROTHERS SWORE REVENGE!



YOUR FATHER? ARE THEY TAKING FRED TO HIM?

THAT'S RIGHT! AND YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO STOP THEM IN TIME TO HELP THE CAPTAIN.



MAYBE NOT, BUT I'M GOING TO TRY. GET GOING FOR YOUR HORSE ON THE RIDGE, -PRONTO.

WATER...YOU COULDN'T FORCE ME TO DO THIS IF I DIDN'T WANT TO. BUT I'VE BEEN DOING SOME THINKING...



THEY'RE WRONG. I TRIED TO TELL 'EM, BUT THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN. PA'S HALF CRAZY WITH HATE... AN' SO ARE MY BROTHERS. I TRIED TO TELL 'EM BUT THEY CONVINCED ME WITH FISTS AND WHIPS... SO I HAD TO GO ALONG.

THEY SHOULD HAVE LISTENED.

MEANWHILE...

HERE WE ARE, CAPTAIN. THIS 'S ANOTHER FARM— LOOKS PRETTY MUCH LIKE GREEN FORKS! REMEMBER WHEN YOUR GUNS WERE DROPPIN' SHELLS TILL THERE WAS NOTHIN' LEFT? YOU ENJOY THAT, DID YOU?

NO...I DIDN'T ENJOY IT ...NOT EVEN WHEN I THOUGHT AN ENEMY OUTPOST WAS BEING DESTROYED. IF I'D KNOWN THE TRUTH ...I...

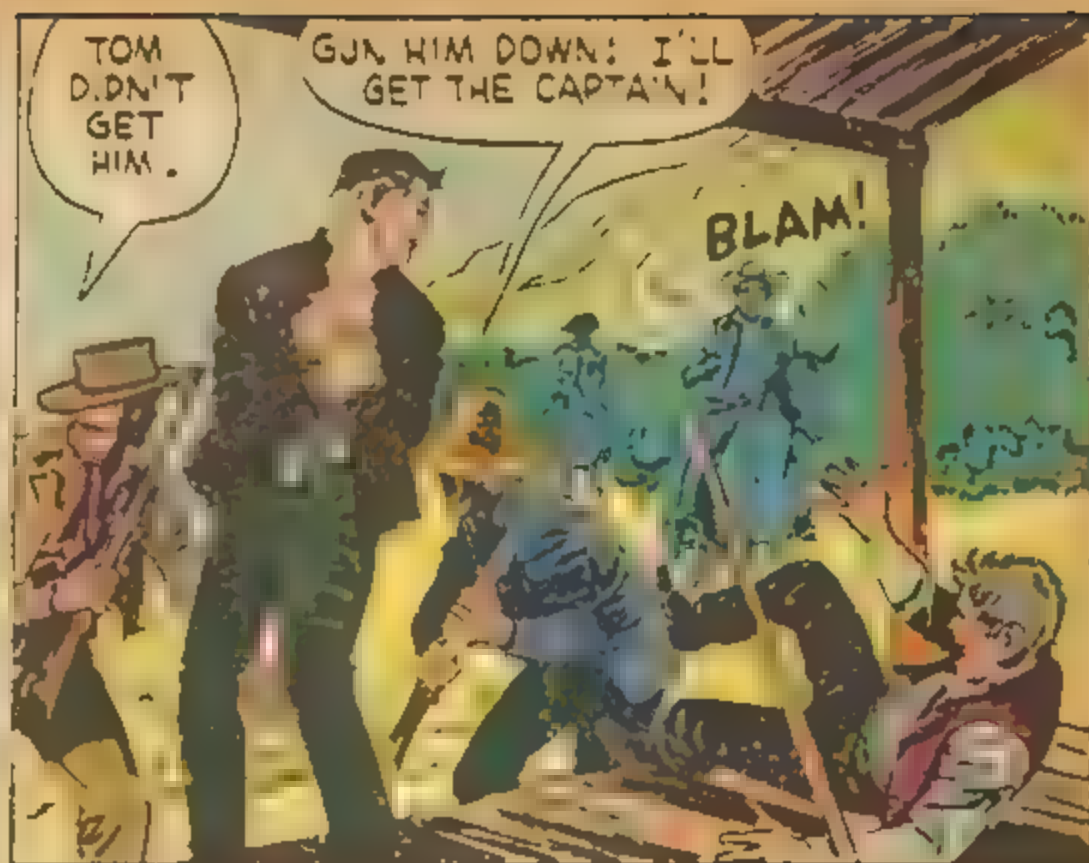
SAVE IT, CAPTAIN! NOTHIN' YOU CAN SAY WILL CHANGE A THING! PA'S GONNA FIX YOU GOOD...MAKE YOU PAY.

WE GOT HIM, PA! HERE HE IS. CAPTAIN DANTON.

I BEEN WAITIN' SIX YEARS FOR THIS. MAYBE I SHOULD SALUTE YOU FIRST, CAPTAIN...

YOU SEE, MY BOYS WERE FIGHTIN' ON THE SAME SIDE YOU WERE WITH— AND NONE OF EM WERE CAPTAINS.

BUT I GOT NO SALUTES FOR SCUM LIKE YOU...ONLY THIS...



REPUTATION-WISE



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Mark Taylor strolled along the boardwalk, frowning as he listened to the whispers of the people in front of the stores.

"That's Mark Taylor, the gunman!" one man gasped. "What's he doing here?"

Mark stepped into the sheriff's office, as the people huddled together to discuss his appearance in Muddtown.

"You surely got here in a hurry!" Sheriff Hondo greeted Mark.

"You wrote for help and here I am," Mark said straightforwardly. "I owe you for the favor of standing behind me when I was in trouble in Loredo last year!"

"Thanks," Hondo replied gratefully. "You still have quite a reputation to live down, even though you've given up your guns and turned to ranching."

"I know," Mark said, "and it isn't easy with every young hothead in the territory trying to prove himself with a gun. So far, I've managed to stay clear of them and out of trouble by sticking close to my ranch."

"I know you don't deserve your reputation as a gunslick any more," Hondo nodded. "But right now it can be used to serve the side of the law, if you're willing to take the chance. It's up to you, Mark."

"I'd be in jail right now if you hadn't seen the fight in Loredo and appeared as a witness for me at the trial," Mark reminded Sheriff Hondo. "I'll go along."

"There's a young gun in town, Matt Grove by name, who thinks he's pretty good," the sheriff explained. "He's already drawn a couple of men into fights and has wounded them, claiming self-defense. There were no witnesses to testify against him, and he's still making trouble. I've got to get him out of town before he kills somebody."

"You think if he gets a good enough scare you'll be rid of him for good..." Mark suggested before the sheriff could finish.

"It might even cure him," Hondo replied.

After discussing the matter, Mark agreed to help the sheriff.

Later that night, Mark swaggered into the Blackjack Saloon and drew his gun.

"Anybody here ever heard of Mark Taylor," he bellowed boastfully.

Conversation in the room stopped abruptly, as Mark swung his gun in an arc.

"Well?" he barked. "Have you?"

Heads nodded mutely.

"Good!" Mark laughed. "Then you all know I have a reputation to keep up, and I do it by taking on anyone who wants to stand up to me. YOU!" he pointed his gun at Matt Grove. "I've heard about you, too!"

"You have?" Matt said with surprise.

"I hear you think you're pretty good with a gun," Mark nodded, as he holstered his gun. "And, now's your chance to prove it. Draw!"

"Against you?" Matt gulped. "I've heard about you... I wouldn't stand a chance."

"Go on! Draw!" Mark snapped. "You have as much chance against me as the men who've drawn against you had. You're bound to run up against a real gunman sometime, so now's your chance to prove yourself. DRAW!"

"I-I've had a few fights," Matt paled, "but I'm no gunslick..."

"In that case," Mark said levelly, "just drop your gun belt real easy-like and get out of town! And remember the next time you have a hankering to strap on a gun that there might be somebody else around who won't give you a chance!"

After Matt had ridden off, Mark joined Sheriff Hondo in his office.

"I think it worked," Mark sighed with relief. "But I'm sure glad you were outside backing me up. That slug I caught in my gun hand at Loredo broke everything except my reputation... and if it had come to a showdown just now, even my reputation would have been destroyed when folks found out I can't even pull a trigger anymore!"

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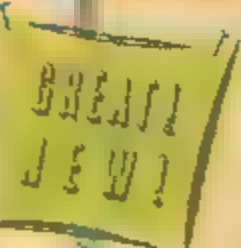
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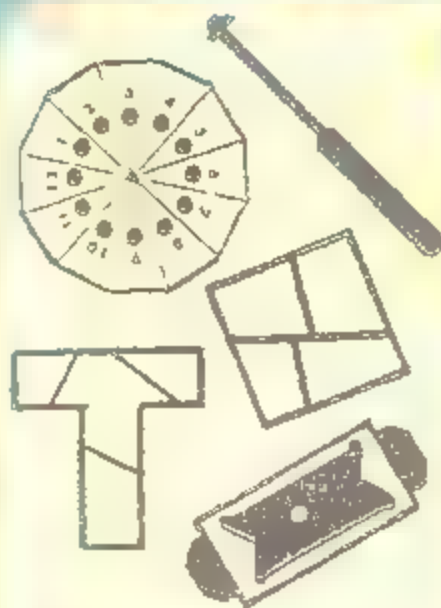
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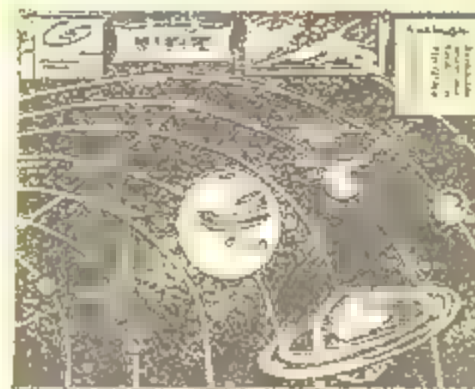
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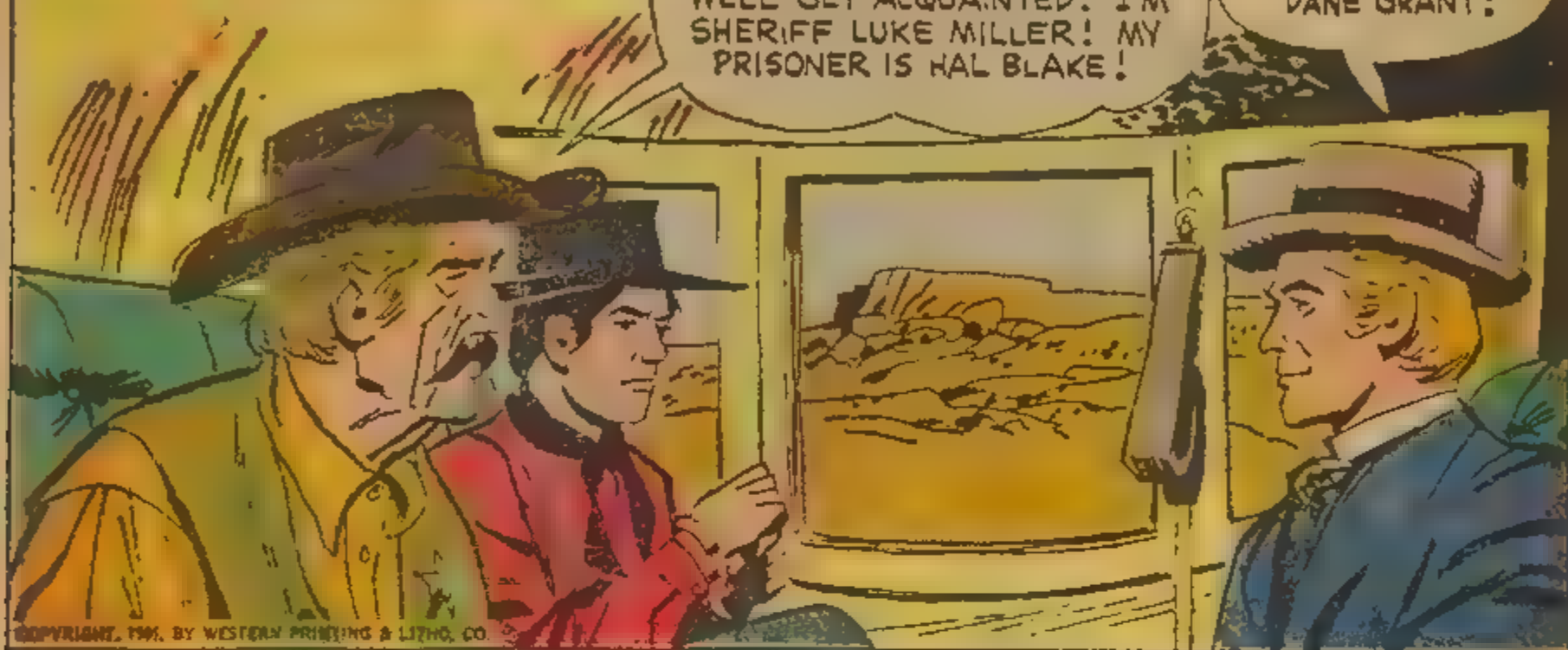
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STRANGERS ON THE WEST-BOUND ~ STAGE ~

WHEN DANE GRANT BOARDS THE WEST-BOUND STAGE THERE ARE ONLY TWO OTHER PASSENGERS ...ONE WEARING A BADGE ...THE OTHER WEARING HANDCUFFS...

WE HAVE A LONG RIDE AHEAD, YOUNG MAN, SO WE MIGHT AS WELL GET ACQUAINTED! I'M SHERIFF LUKE MILLER! MY PRISONER IS HAL BLAKE!

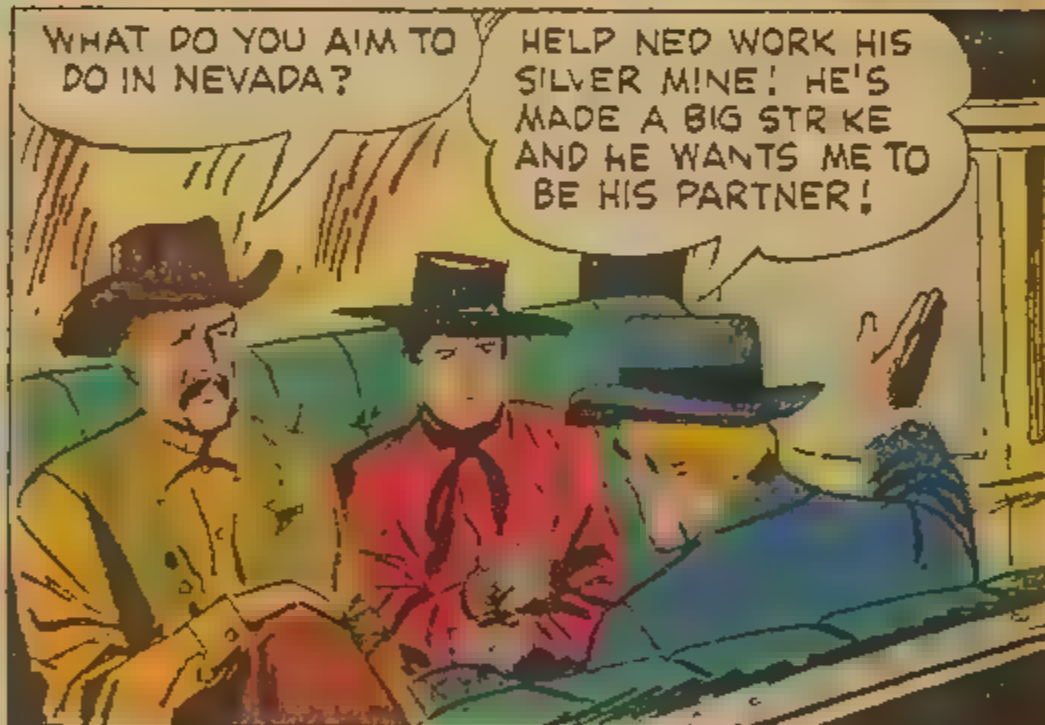
GLAD TO KNOW YOU! MY NAME IS DANE GRANT!



I'M GOING TO NEVADA TO MEET A COUSIN OF MINE...HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR FIVE YEARS!

WHAT DO YOU AIM TO DO IN NEVADA?

HELP NED WORK HIS SILVER MINE! HE'S MADE A BIG STRIKE AND HE WANTS ME TO BE HIS PARTNER!

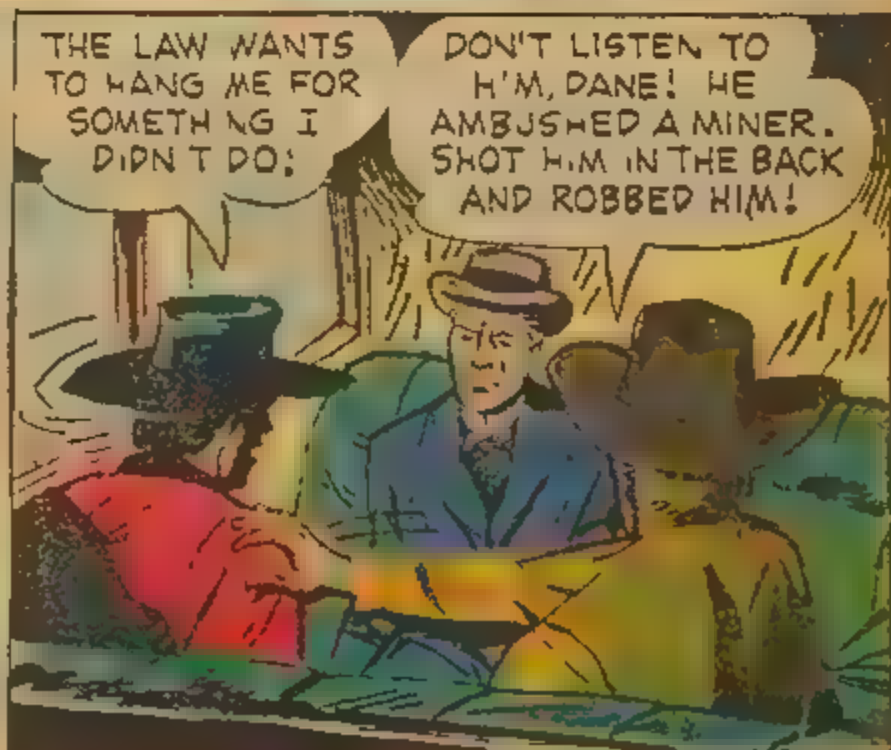
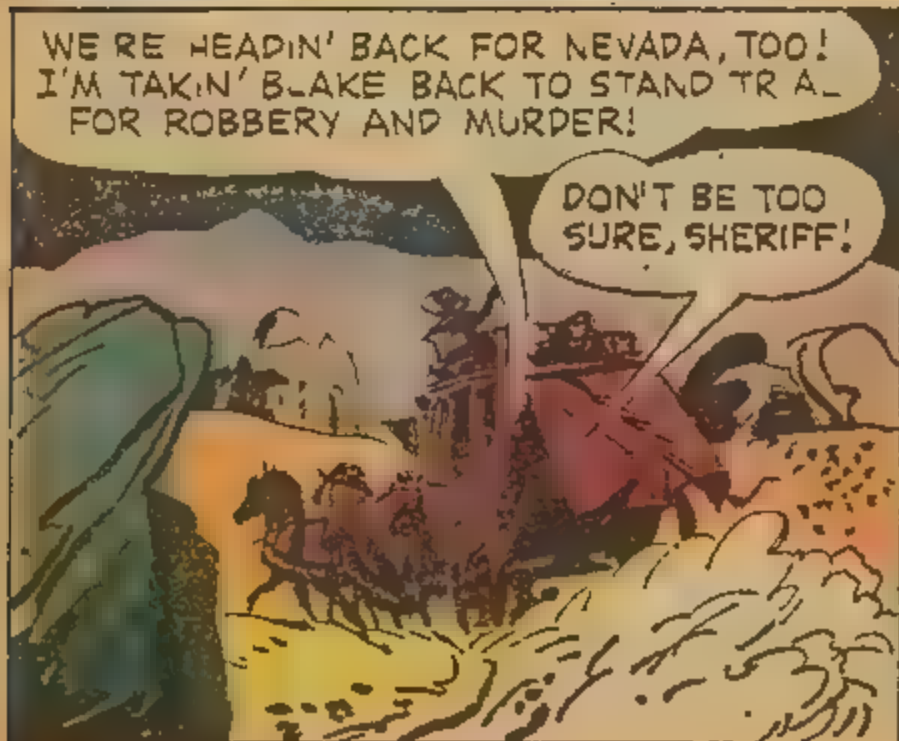


WE'RE HEADIN' BACK FOR NEVADA, TOO! I'M TAKIN' BLAKE BACK TO STAND TRIAL FOR ROBBERY AND MURDER!

DON'T BE TOO SURE, SHERIFF!

THE LAW WANTS TO HANG ME FOR SOMETHING I DIDN'T DO!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, DANE! HE AMBUSHED A MINER. SHOT HIM IN THE BACK AND ROBBED HIM!

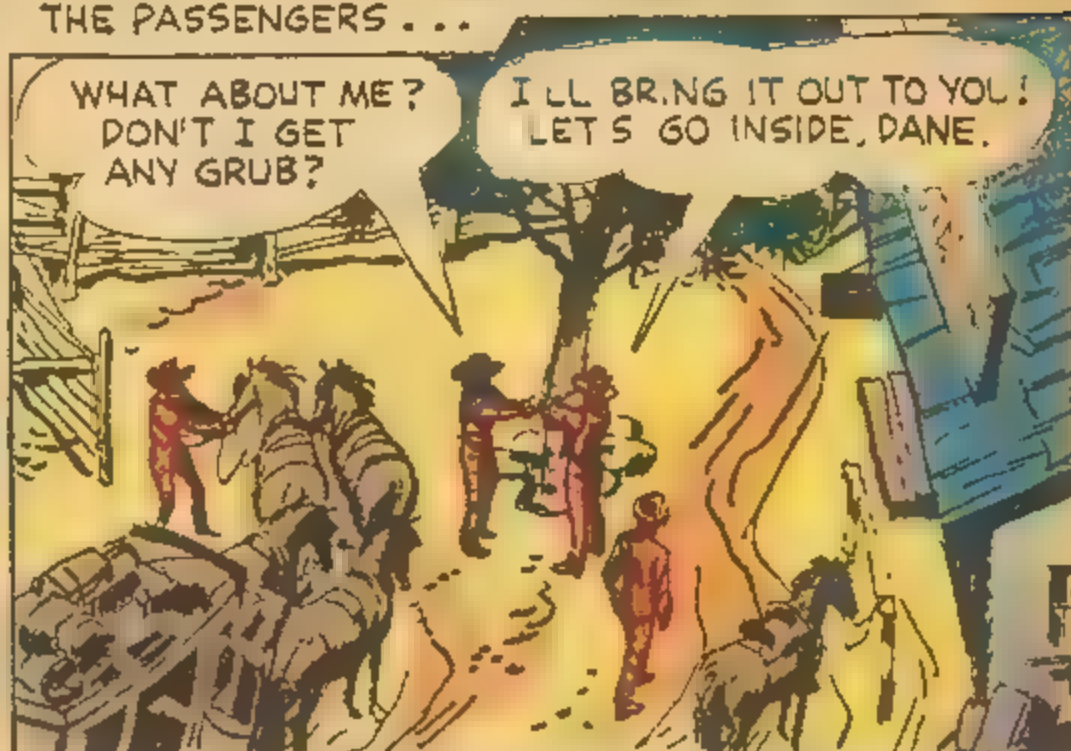


WE TRACKED THE VARMIN'T TO A SHACK AND GRABBED HIM! HE HAD THE STOLEN MONEY WITH HIM!

THREE HOURS LATER, THE STAGE MAKES A ROUTINE STOP TO CHANGE HORSES AND REST THE PASSENGERS...

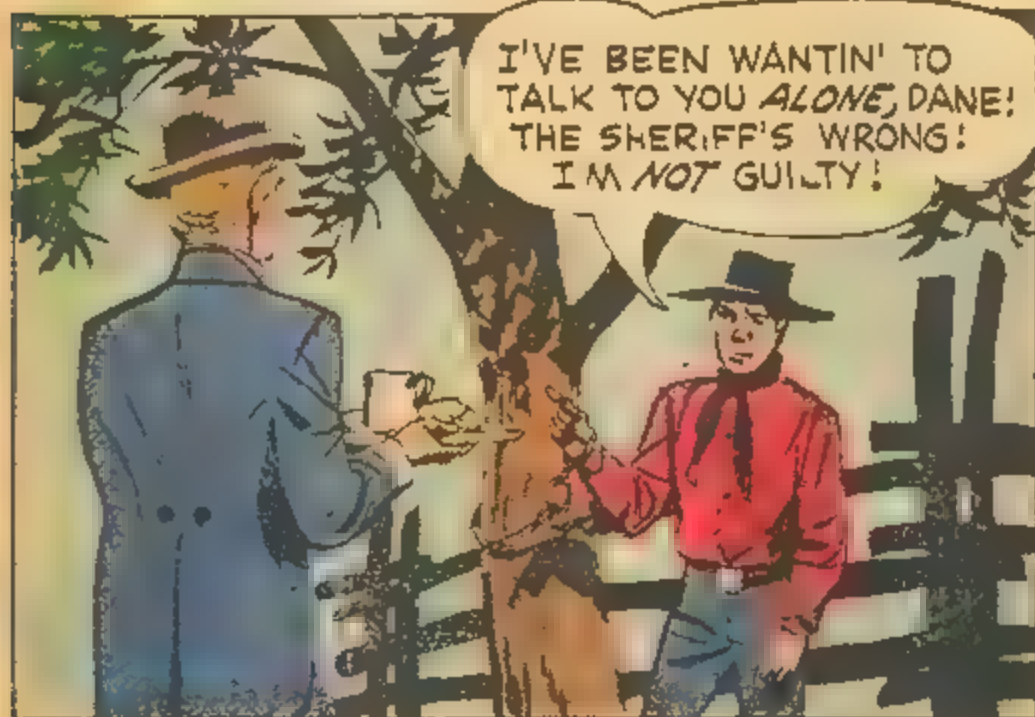
WHAT ABOUT ME? DON'T I GET ANY GRUB?

I'LL BRING IT OUT TO YOU! LET'S GO INSIDE, DANE.

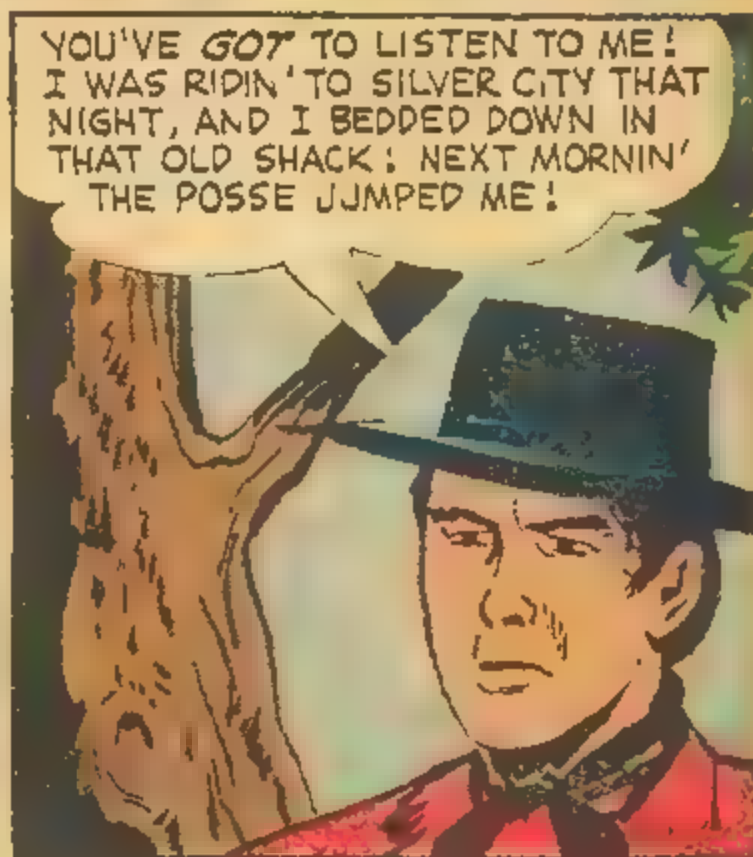


THE SHERIFF FINDS AN OLD FRIEND IN THE STATION, AND DANE VOLUNTEERS TO TAKE BLAKE HIS FOOD...

I'VE BEEN WANTIN' TO TALK TO YOU ALONE, DANE! THE SHERIFF'S WRONG! I'M NOT GUILTY!



YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME! I WAS RIDIN' TO SILVER CITY THAT NIGHT, AND I BEDDED DOWN IN THAT OLD SHACK! NEXT MORNIN' THE POSSE JUMPED ME!

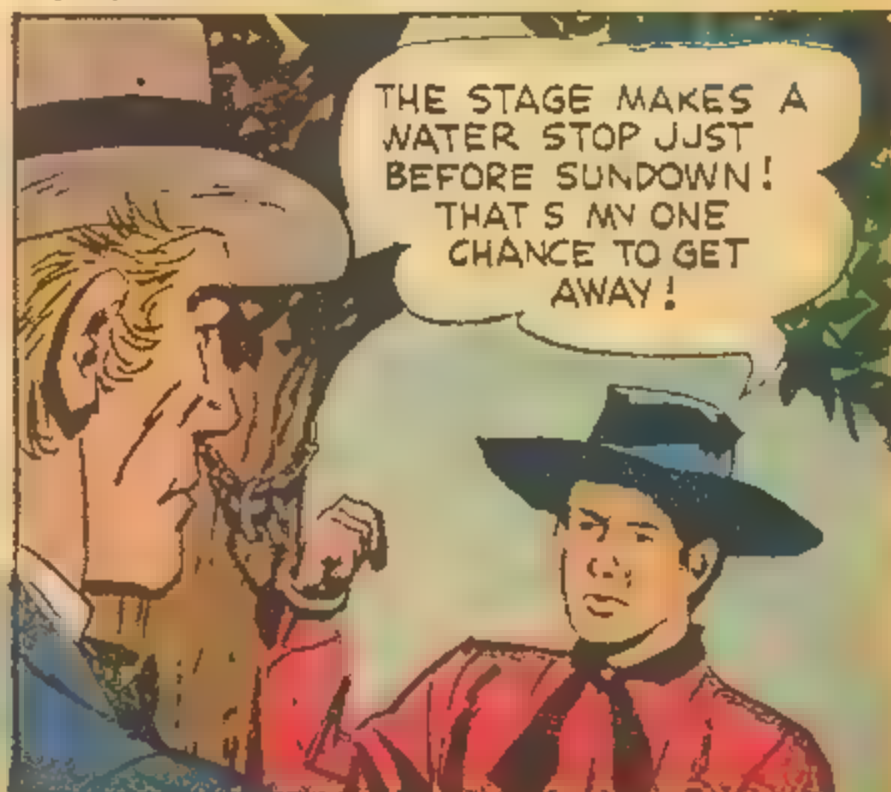


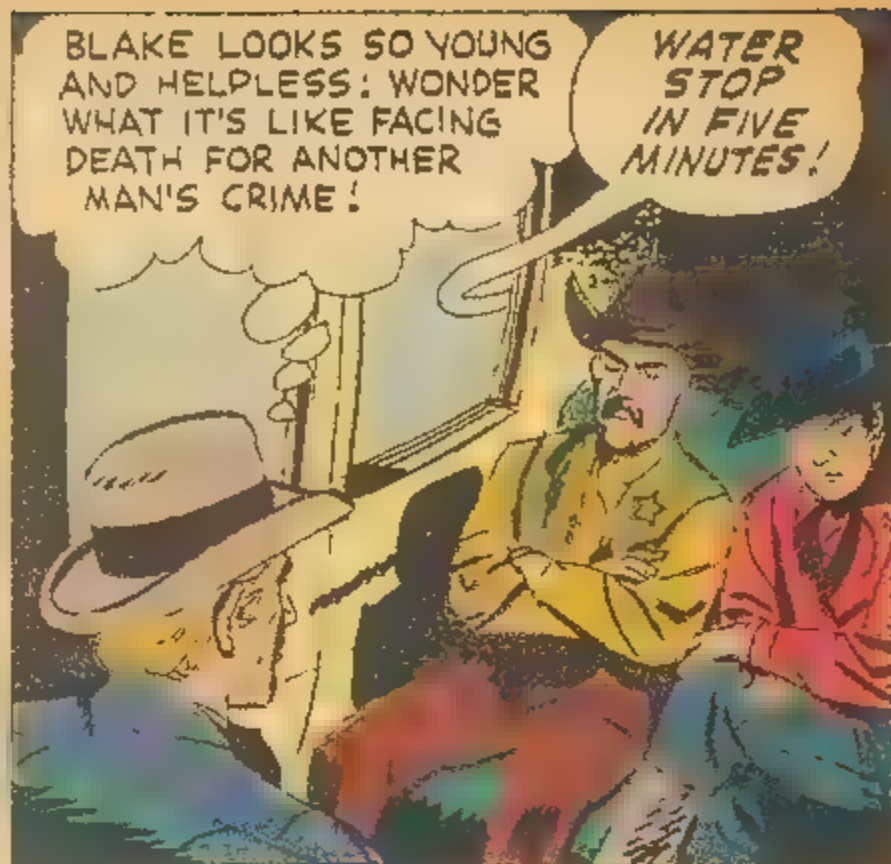
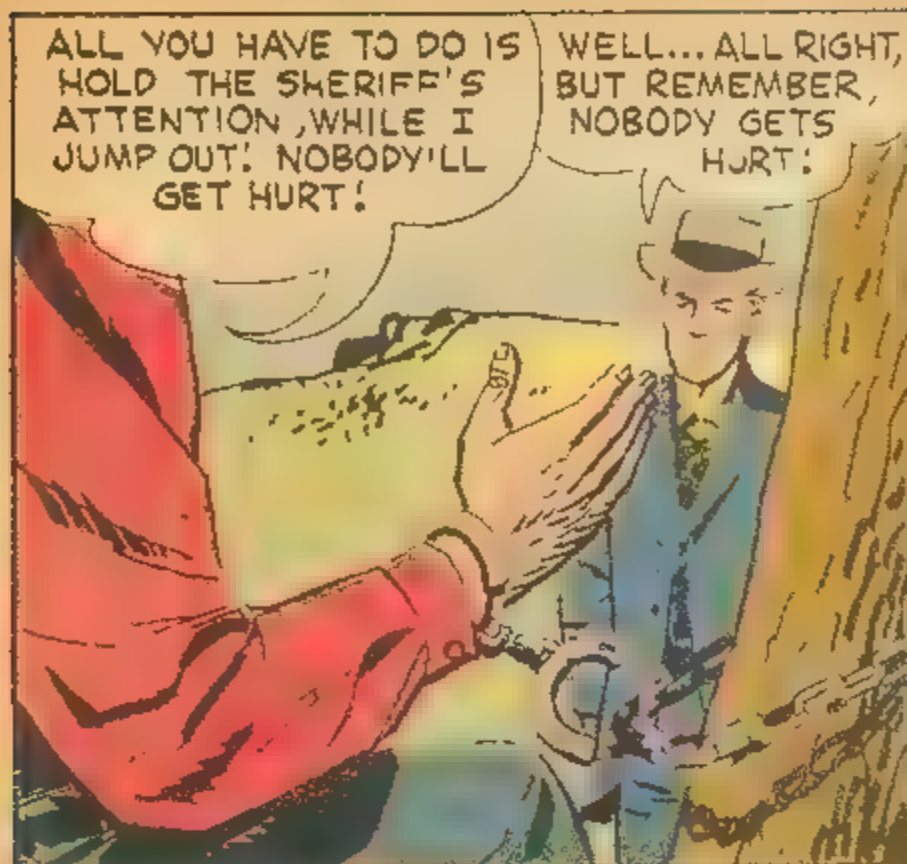
I TOLD 'EM THE TRUTH, BUT THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME! SOMEBODY ELSE HID THAT MONEY IN THE SHACK...NOT ME! I WANT TO LIVE, BUT I WON'T HAVE A CHANCE, IF THE SHERIFF TAKES ME BACK!



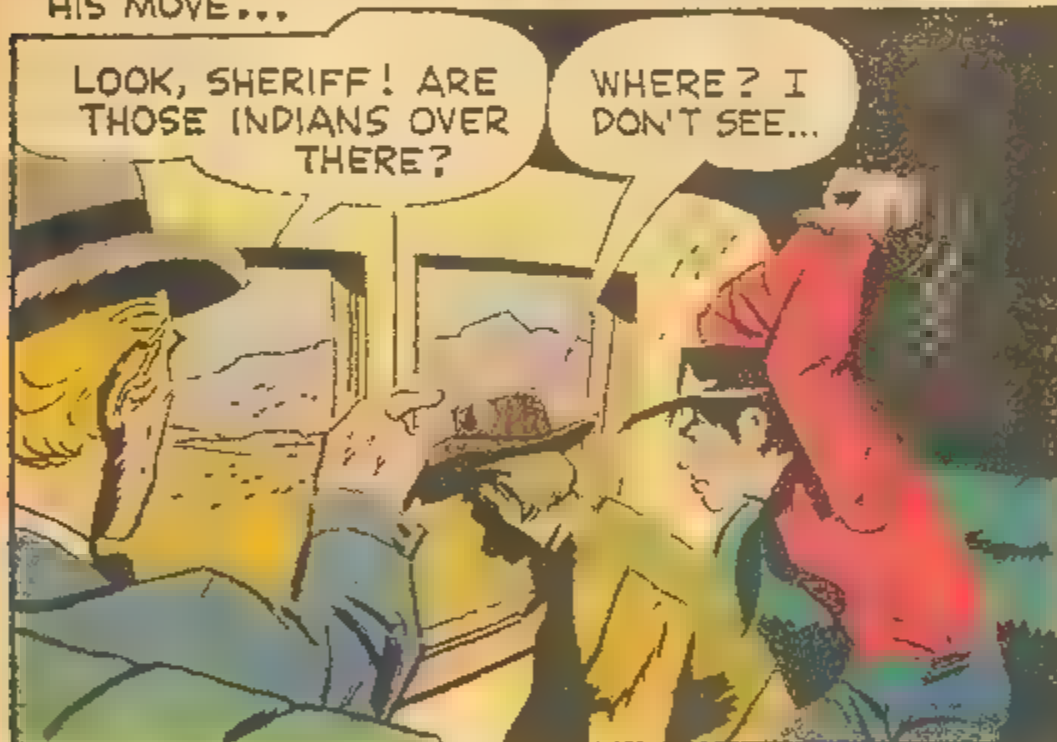
AS BLAKE TALKS, DAVE FINDS HIMSELF BELIEVING BLAKE'S STORY...

THE STAGE MAKES A WATER STOP JUST BEFORE SUNDOWN! THAT'S MY ONE CHANCE TO GET AWAY!



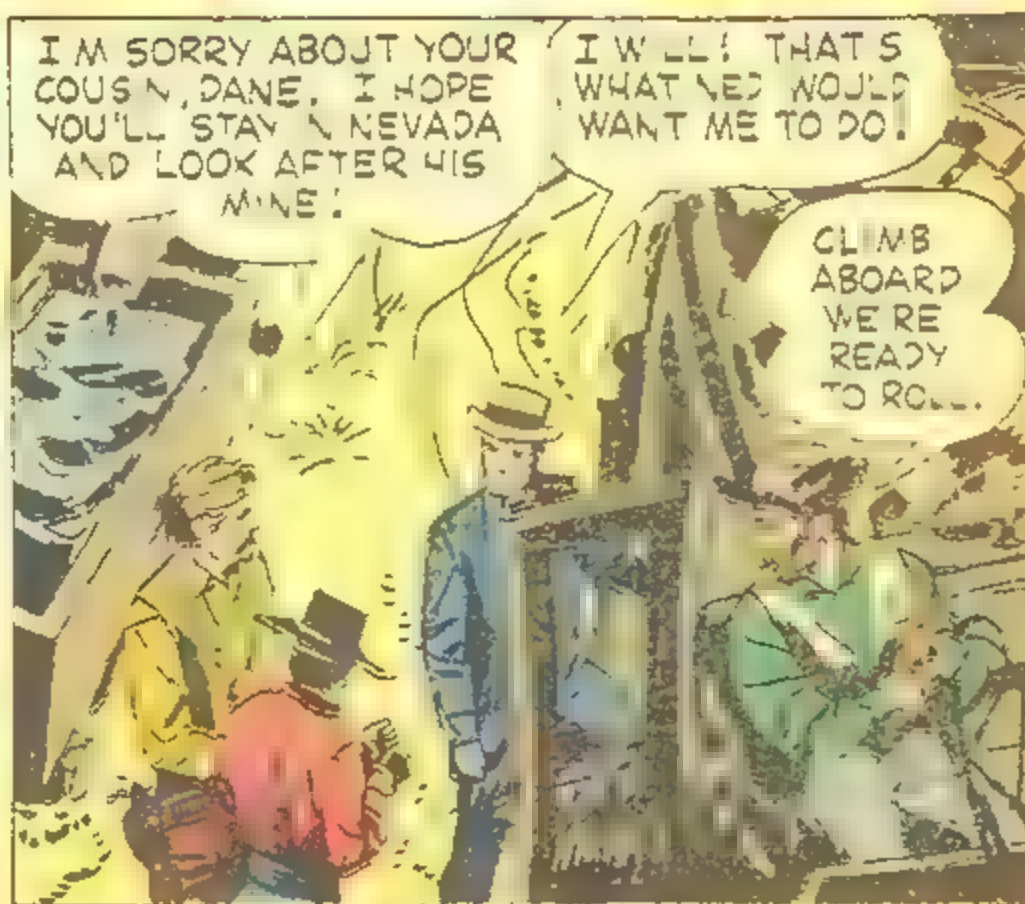
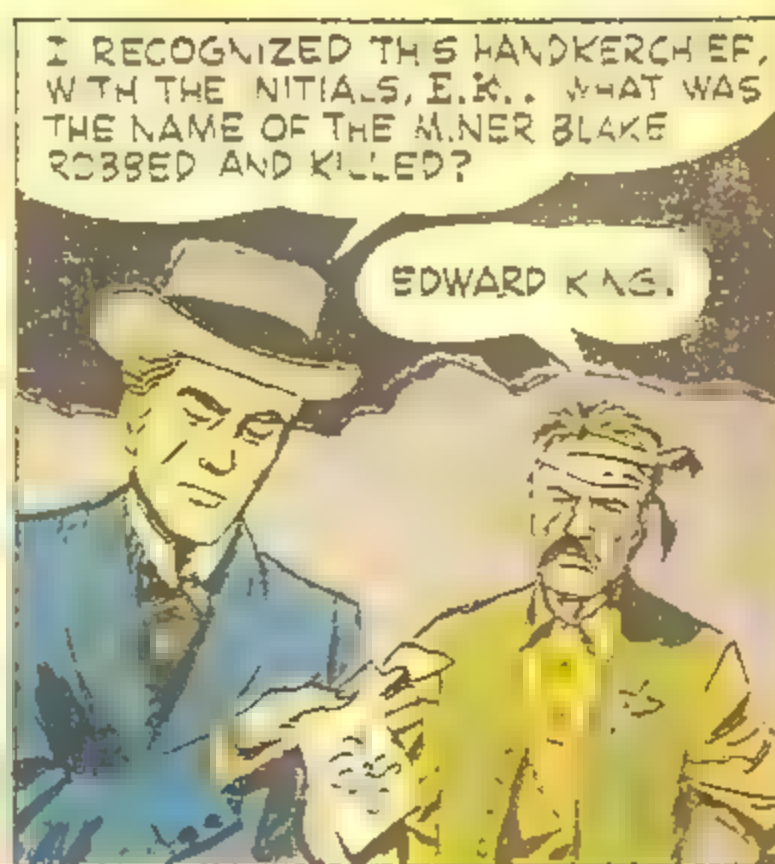
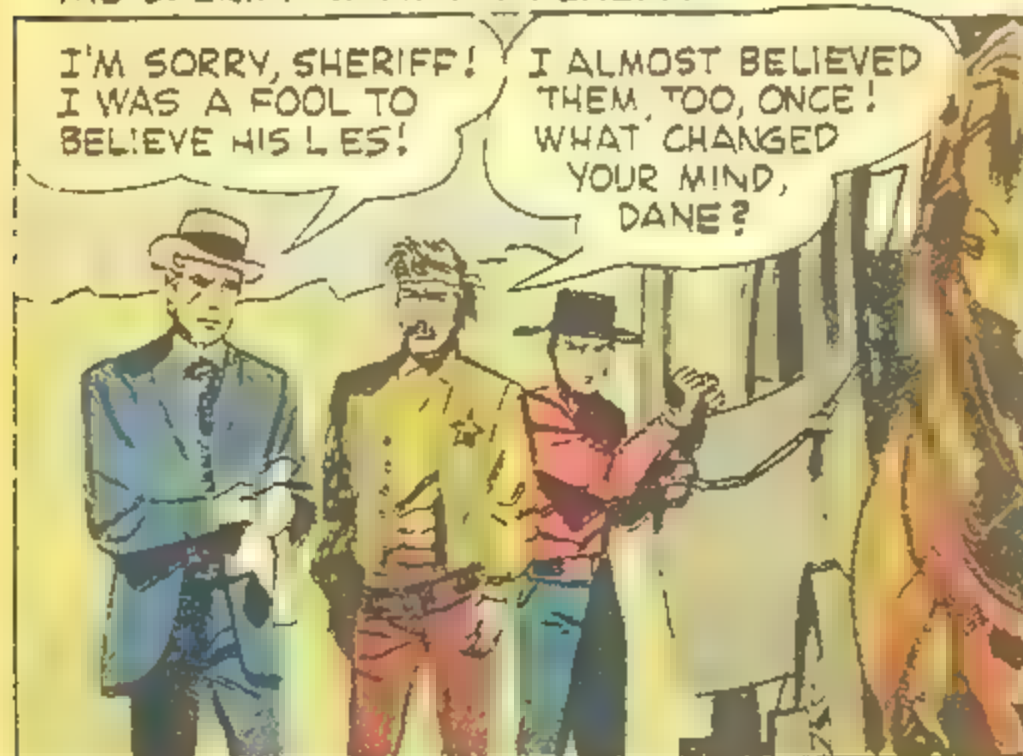


AS THE STAGE SLOWS DOWN, BLAKE'S EYES FLASHED AN URGENT SIGNAL! DANE MAKES HIS MOVE...





LATER, AT THE WATER STOP, DANE TELLS THE SHERIFF WHAT HAPPENED...



WAGON TRAIN DECISION AT CANYON PASS

HOLD 'EM UP, CHRIS... RENEGADE INDIANS
UP AHEAD IN THAT MOUNTAIN PASS.

WAGONS...
HALT.



I THINK YOU'D BETTER RIDE
AHEAD WITH ME AND TAKE A
LOOK FOR YOURSELF...

GOOD
IDEA!



CHRIS TURNS THE WAGONS OVER TO BILL HAWKS...

DON'T GET TOO MUCH JUST YET, BILL...
NO SENSE IN ALARMING ANYONE UNTIL
WE KNOW JUST HOW SERIOUS THIS
MIGHT BE.

YESS R!

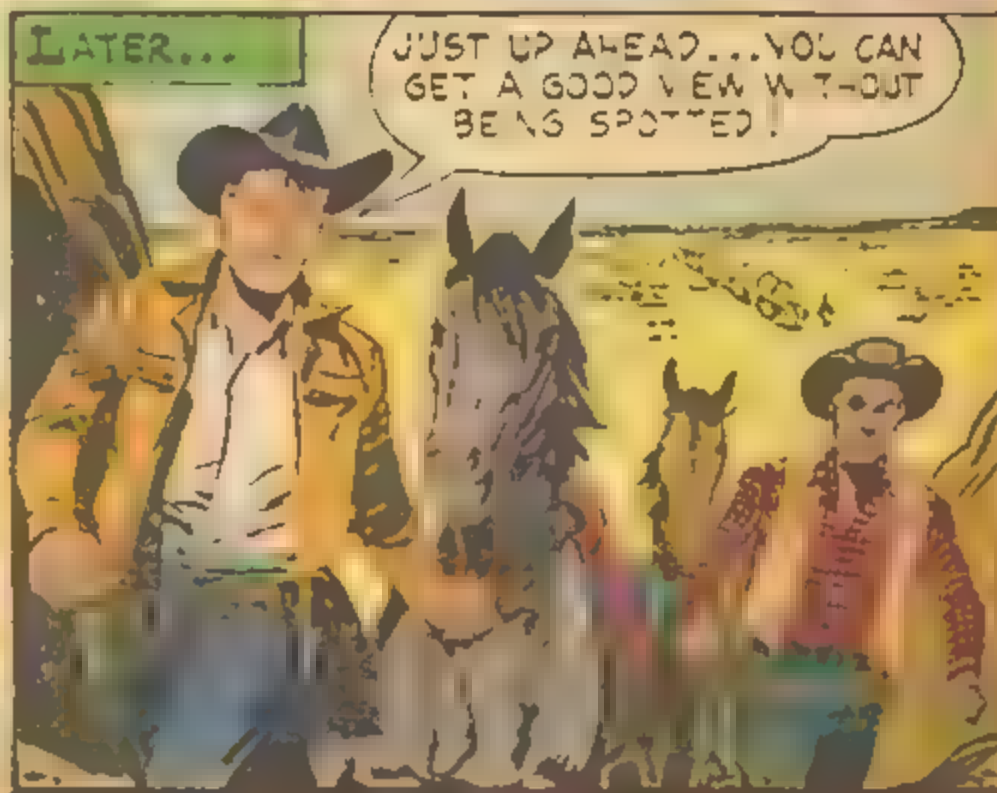


WE'VE HAD TWO WEEKS
WITHOUT TROUBLE... I HAD
A FEELING IT WAS TOO
GOOD TO LAST...



LATER...

JUST UP AHEAD... YOU CAN
GET A GOOD VIEW WITHOUT
BEING SPOTTED!



THEY'RE RIGHT ABOVE THAT PASS...
AND IT'S THE *ONLY* WAY THROUGH
THOSE MOUNTAINS!

LOOKS TO BE ABOUT TWENTY
OF THEM, AND I'D GUESS THEY'RE
WAITING FOR US!

WE FIGURE TO BE GOING
THROUGH THE PASS IN THE
MORNING! THAT'S WHEN
I GUESS THEY WOULD
MAKE A MOVE...

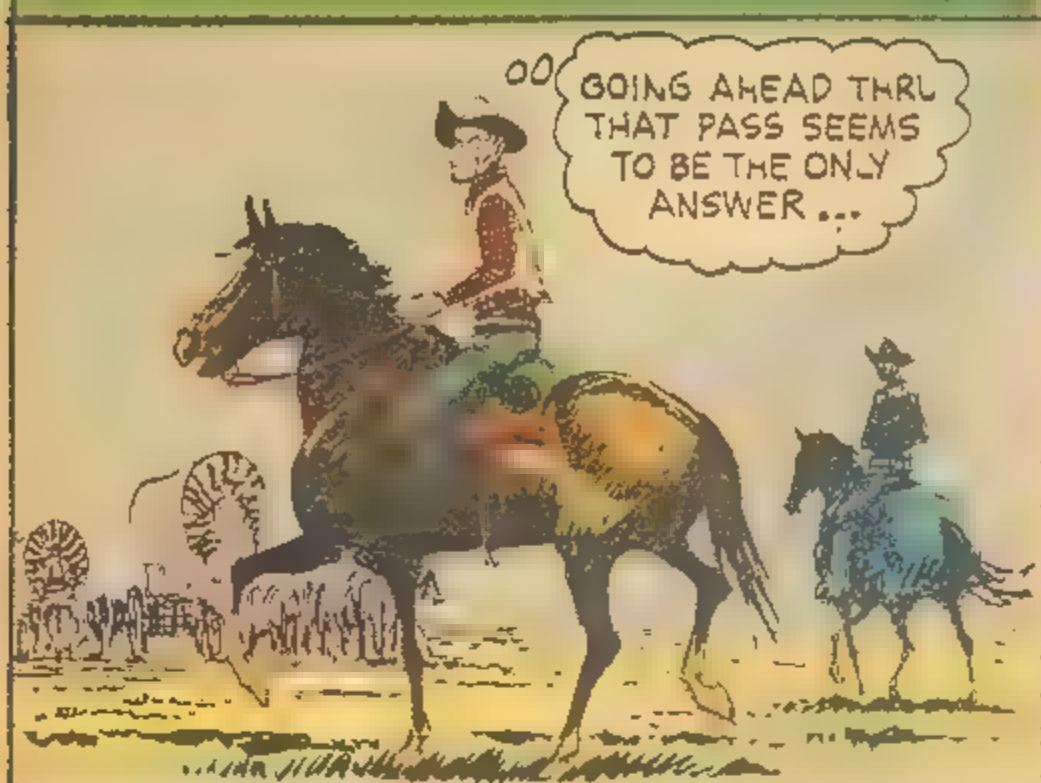
ANY CHANCE THEY'D
COME OUT AFTER US
IN THE DARK?

I CAN'T BE SURE... INDIANS OF THIS
TRIBE ARE AFRAID THEIR SPIRITS WILL
BE LOST IF THEY'RE KILLED AT NIGHT!
BUT THESE ARE RENEGADES, *THEY*
MIGHT FIGHT!

WITH SUPPLIES LOW, WE'RE TAKING
A BIG RISK... IF WE TURN BACK AND
TAKE THE OTHER PASS! WE'D LOOSE
TWO WEEKS!

SPREAD THE WORD WE'RE GOING TO
CAMP FOR A WHILE... I'VE GOT SOME
HARD THINKING TO DO, FLINT...

ALONE, CHRIS HALE GATHERS HIS THOUGHTS...



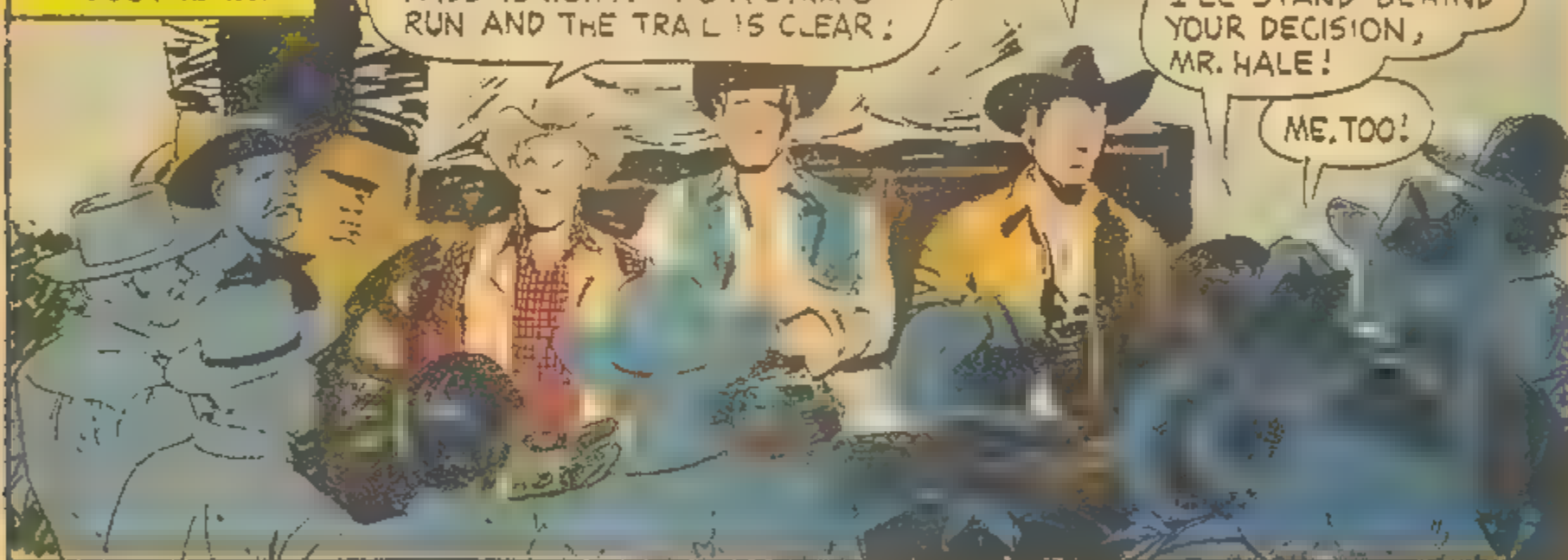
GOING AHEAD THRU THAT PASS SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY ANSWER...

SILENTLY, HE CALLS ON A GREATER POWER FOR HELP...



PLEASE LET THIS BE THE RIGHT DECISION...

A SHORT WHILE LATER, CHRIS GATHERS THE SETTLERS TOGETHER...



... I'VE TOLD YOU THE PROBLEM JUST AS IT STANDS... BOTH FLINT AND I BELIEVE WE CAN MAKE IT IF WE RUN THAT PASS TONIGHT! IT'S A STRAIGHT RUN AND THE TRAIL IS CLEAR!

IT'S A CALCULATED RISK, BUT IT SEEMS TO BE THE BEST SOLUTION!

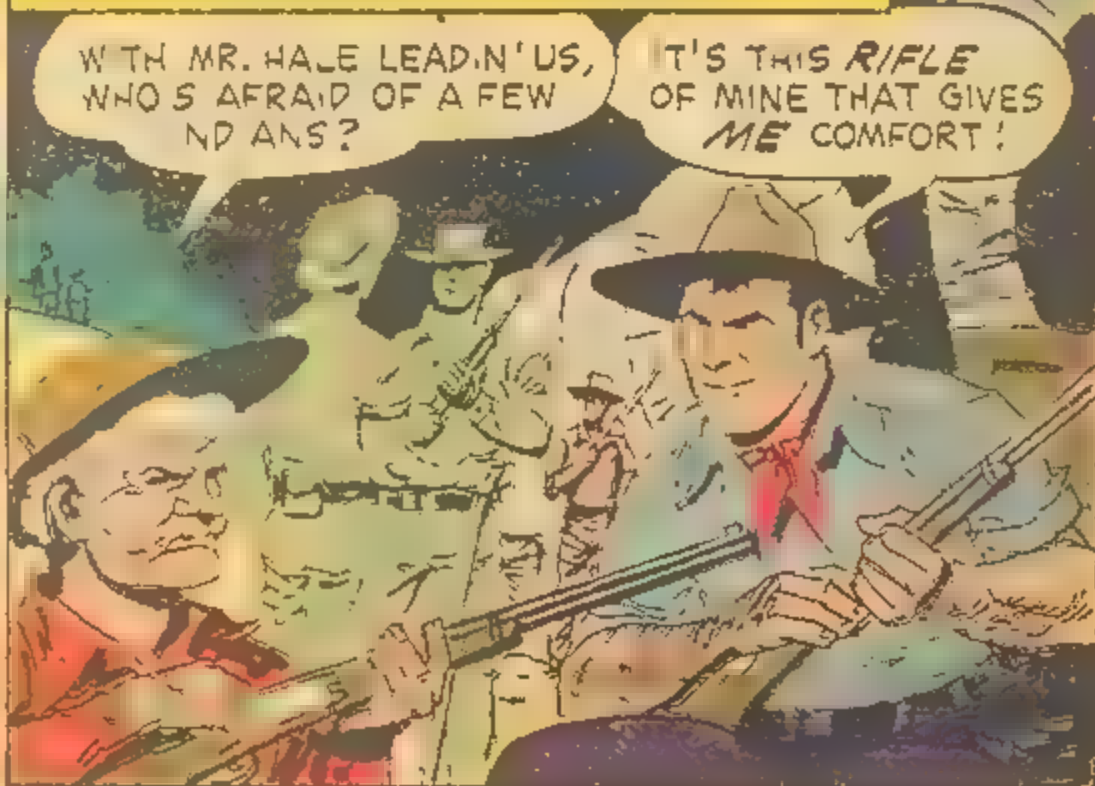
I'LL STAND BEHIND YOUR DECISION, MR. HALE!

ME, TOO!

THEN IT'S SETTLED... WE'LL START ONE HOUR AFTER DARK! GET BUSY, MEN!



THE MEN OF THE WAGON TRAIN PREPARE FOR THE DANGEROUS TIME AHEAD...



WITH MR. HALE LEADIN' US, WHO'S AFRAID OF A FEW INDIANS?

IT'S THIS RIFLE OF MINE THAT GIVES ME COMFORT!



CHRIS HAS A TALK WITH SAM LOCKE...

...THE BOY'S SEVENTEEN, MR. LOCKE... SEEMS OLD ENOUGH TO SHARE HIS PART OF THE LOAD! MEN GROW UP FAST IN THESE TIMES!

LOOK, HALE... HE'S MY BOY... I'LL DECIDE WHAT'S BEST FOR HIM! HE'S NOT READY FOR FIGHTING!

HAVE YOU EVER GIVEN HIM THE CHANCE?

I KNOW THE LOCKE FAMILY... EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM... THAT BOY ISN'T LIKE THE REST OF US: HE'S TOO SOFT-HEARTED - HE'D RUN FROM HIS SHADOW!

DON'T MISUNDERSTAND ME! I LOVE MY SON... BUT HE'D TURN YELLOW AND RUN... DON'T YOU THINK I KNOW MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD?

MAYBE... BUT I THINK HE MIGHT JUST PROVE YOU WRONG!

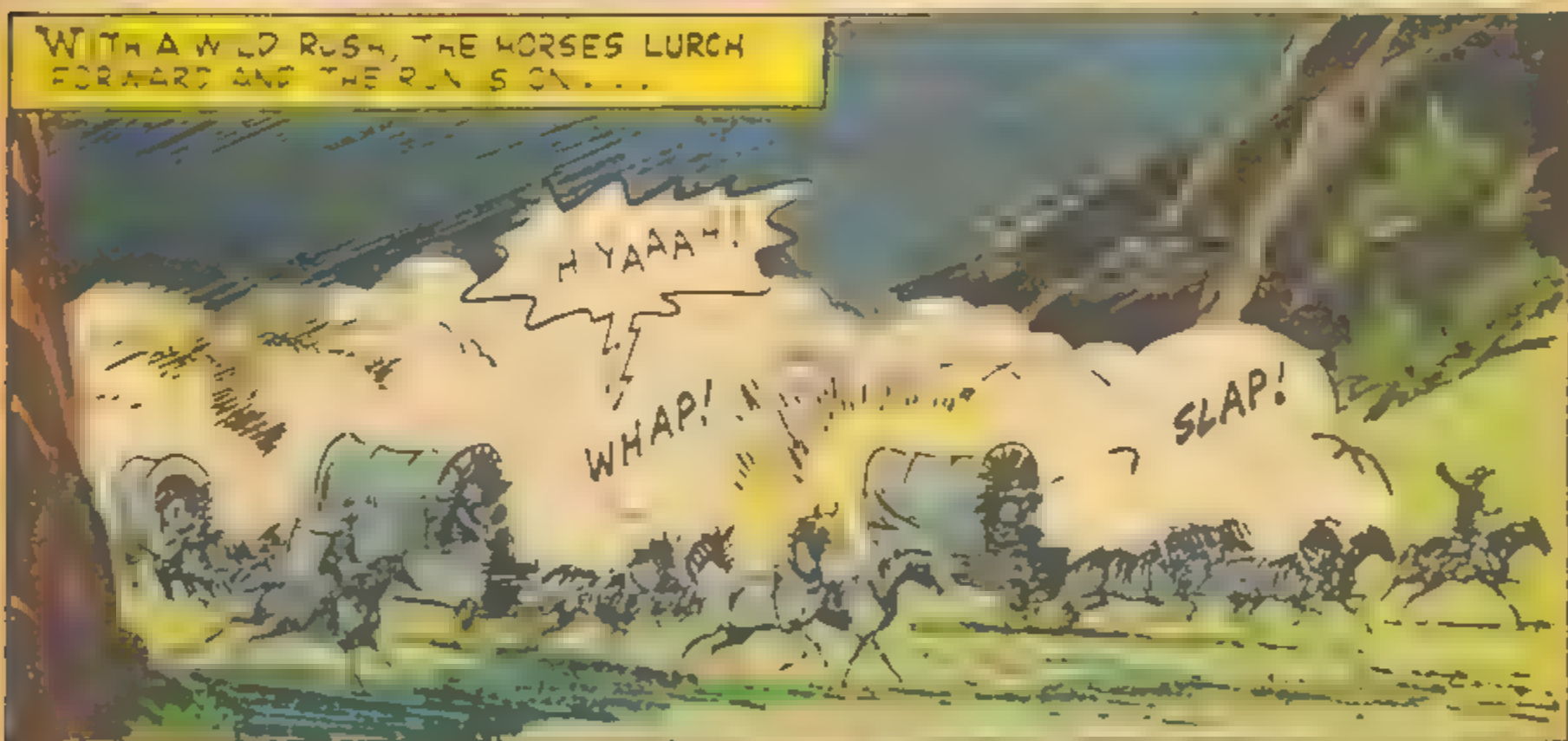
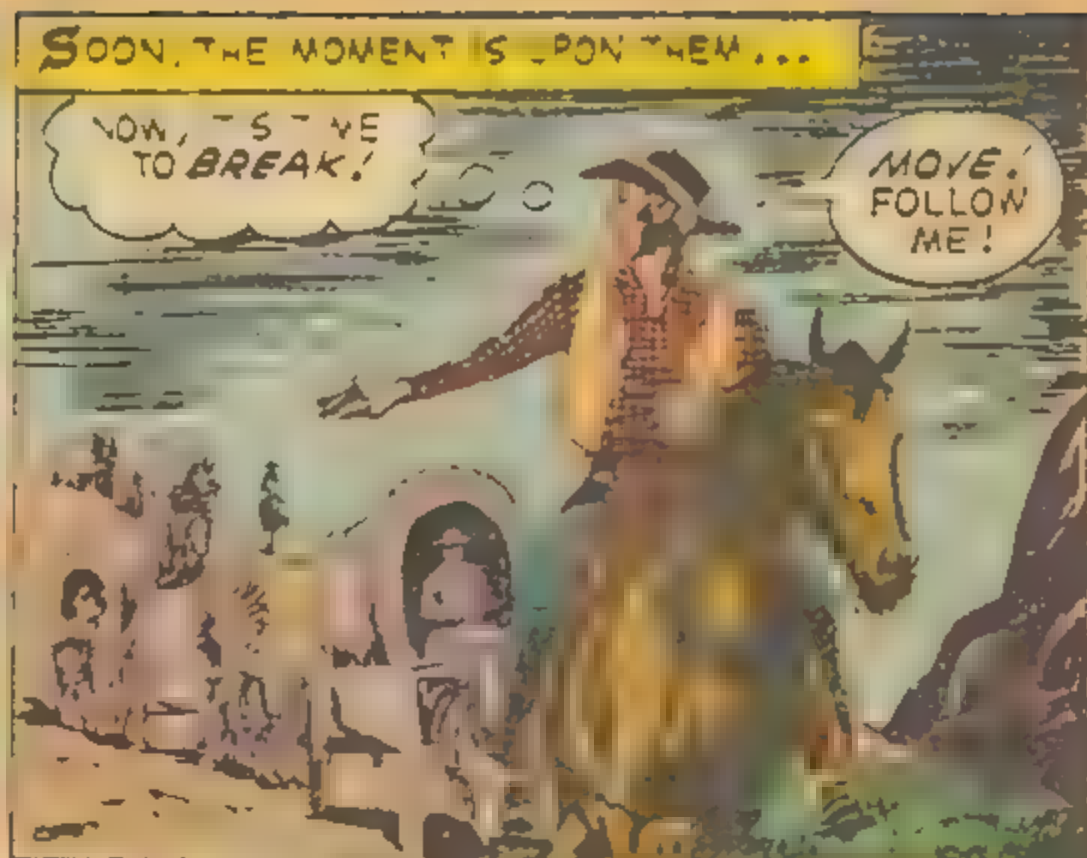
THAT'S FOR ME TO DECIDE! YOU JUST STICK TO ADVISIN' US ON WAGON TRAIN PROBLEMS... MY FAMILY MATTERS, I'LL TAKE CARE OF!

OF COURSE YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. LOCKE... BUT DAVE'S NOT AFRAID!

AT NIGHT THE TIME OF DEPARTURE ARRIVES AND CHRIS GIVES THE SIGNAL TO MOVE OUT...

YOU KNOW, BILL, IT'S TIMES LIKE THIS I WISH I'D LISTENED TO MY UNCLE AND BECOME A BLACKSMITH!

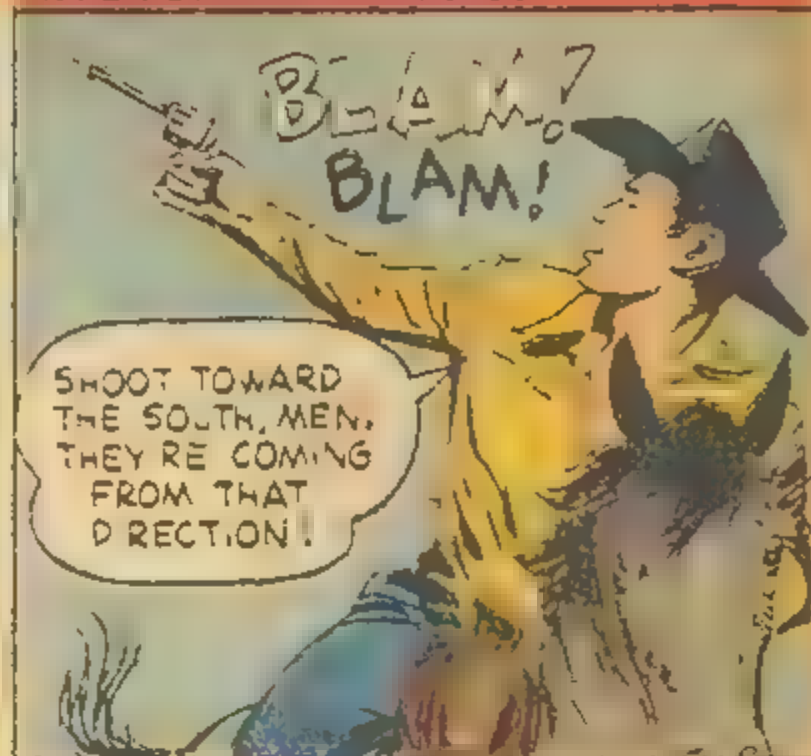
WAGONS... HOOOOOOO!



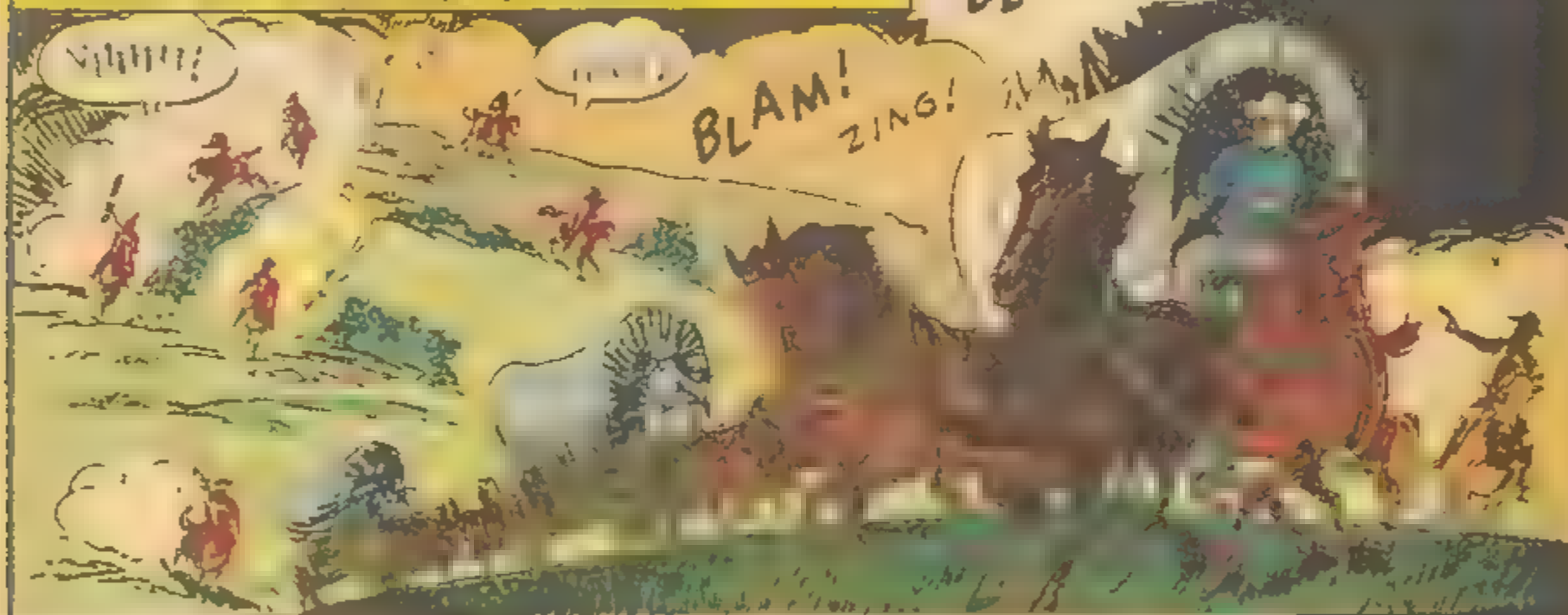
THE ROLLED RENEGADE INDIANS HEAR
THE SOUND OF MOVEMENT BELOW...



FLINT OPENS FIRE AS THE INDIANS
RIDE DOWN FROM ABOVE...



THE CANYON PASS ECHOES WITH GUNFIRE AS
THE COURAGEOUS MEMBERS OF THE WAGON TRAIN
FIRE AT THE ATTACKING RENEGADES...



WE'RE GOING
TO MAKE IT!



SUDDENLY, SAM LOCKE'S HORSE
HITS A CHUCKHOLE...



THE LAST OF THE RENEGADE INDIANS TURN BACK AS THE WAGON TRAIN MAKES GOOD THE ESCAPE INTO OPEN COUNTRY...

WE MADE IT, FLINT... THEY WON'T ATTACK AGAIN IN OPEN COUNTRY! ANY CASUALTIES IN THE REAR?

ONE MAN, CHRIS... SAM LOCKE! HIS HORSE FELL... THE INDIANS CAPTURED HIM!



HE WASN'T HURT, BUT AFTER THE WAY WE PULLED THIS OFF, I WOULDN'T BET MUCH ON HIS CHANCES OF STAYING ALIVE FOR LONG!

WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM BACK THERE!

MR. HALE...



DAVE, I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR FATHER...

I WANT TO VOLUNTEER TO GO BACK AND RESCUE HIM, SIR!



WHAT? DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT YOU'D BE GETTING INTO?

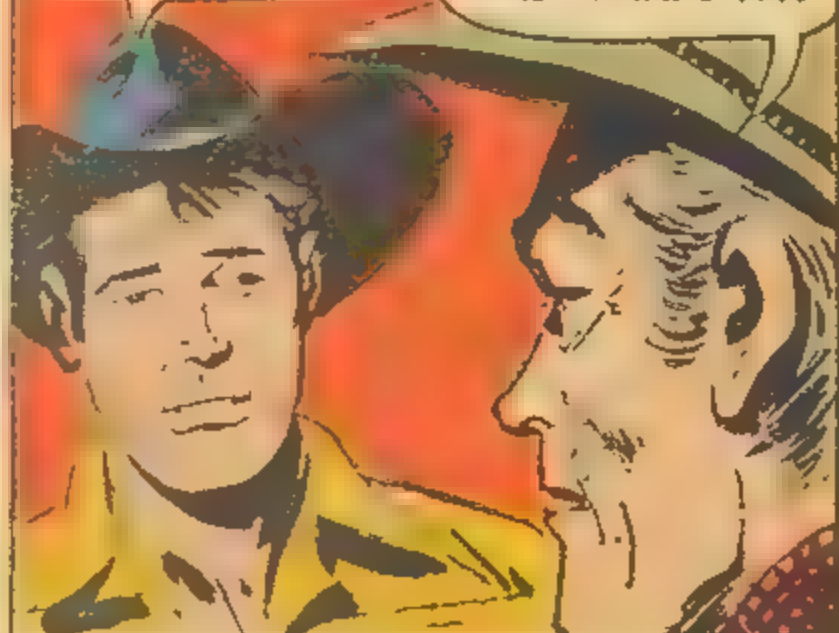
I THINK SO, MR. McCULLOUGH... AND I **STILL** WANT TO GO! HE'S MY FATHER AND I'M NOT AFRAID!

WE'LL GO TOGETHER, SON.



CHRIS, ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? WHAT CHANCE DO YOU THINK ONE MAN AND BOY WOULD HAVE?

TWO MEN, FLINT! WE RAN THE PASS— AND I'M CONFIDENT WE'LL BRING BACK DAVE'S PA!





KEEP THE TRAIN MOV'NG...
MAKE CAMP UP NEAR
BUFFALO CREEK. WE'LL
MEET YOU THERE.

I SURE HOPE
YOU'RE DOING
THE RIGHT
THING...



CHRIS AND THE YOUTH RIDE
BACK TO THE PASS...

I JUST HOPE
WE'RE NOT
TOO LATE!

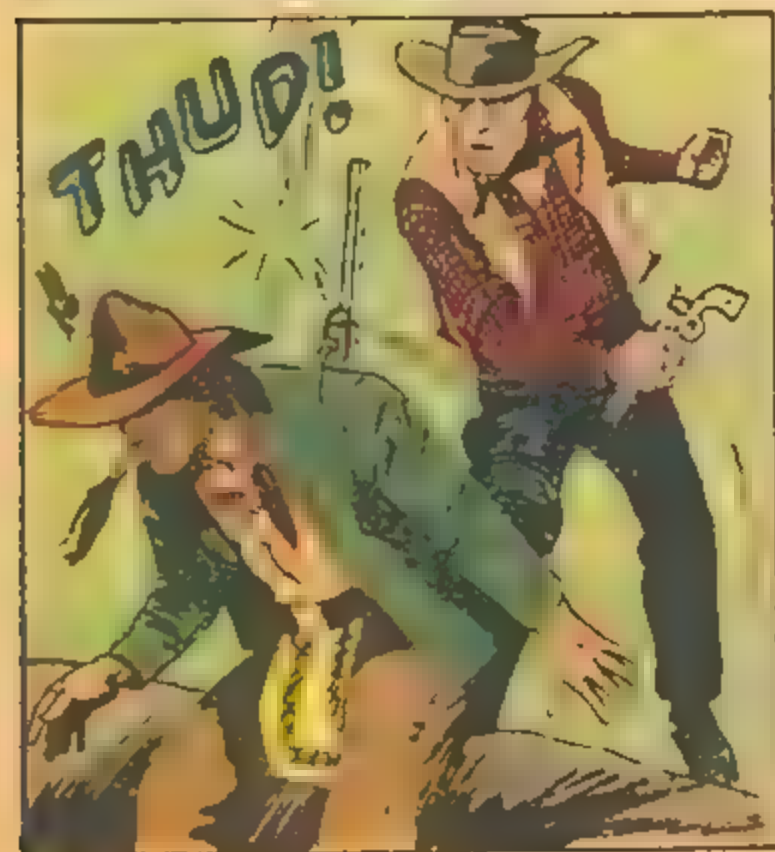


REACHING A GROUP OF ROCKS,
THE TWO DISMOUNT...

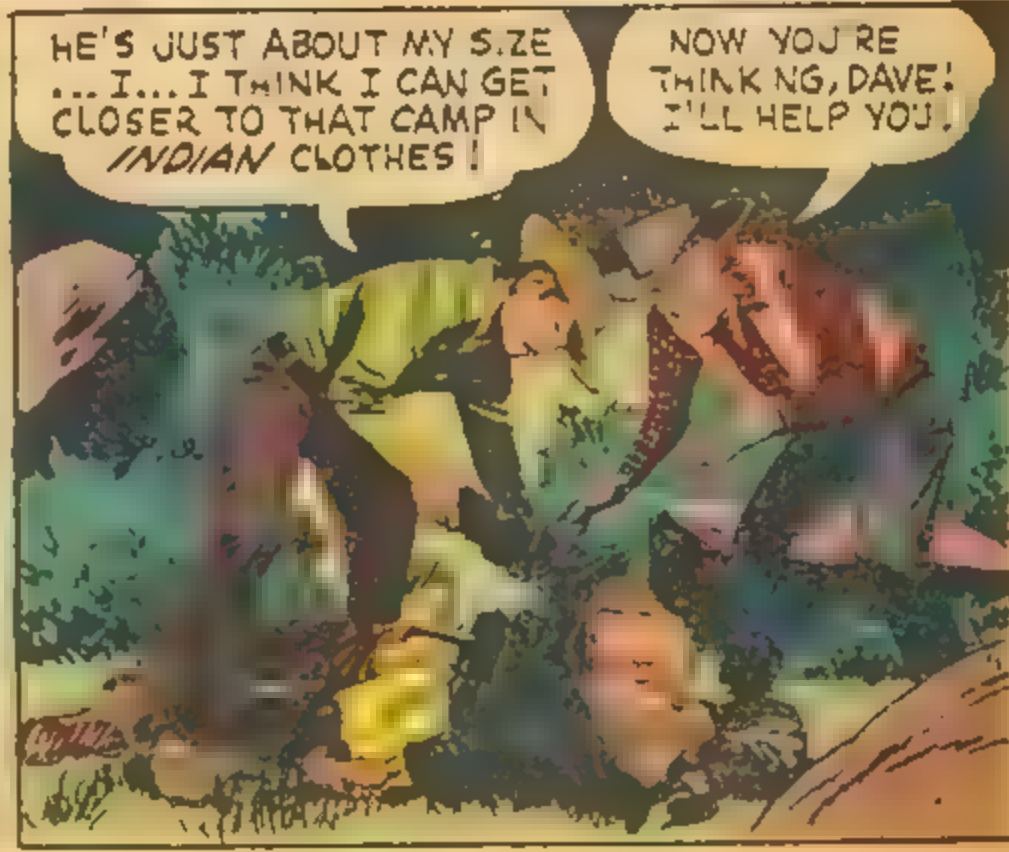
EASY, NOW...WE'VE GOT TO BE
REAL CAREFUL...THEIR CAMP
IS JUST BEYOND THOSE ROCKS!



CHRIS SILENTLY
MOVES UP ON AN
INDIAN SENTRY...



THUD!



HE'S JUST ABOUT MY SIZE
...I... I THINK I CAN GET
CLOSER TO THAT CAMP IN
INDIAN CLOTHES!

NOW YOU'RE
THINK'NG, DAVE!
I'LL HELP YOU!

CHRIS HALE AND DAVE MAKE
LAST MINUTE PLANS...

I'LL COVER YOU, SON...
IF ANYTHING GOES
WRONG...

I'LL MAKE IT,
MR. HALE... I
KNOW I WILL!



IN THE DARKNESS, DAVE SUCCEEDS IN
GETTING TO HIS CAPTURED FATHER...

SHHHH! PA... BE READY TO
MOVE **FAST** WHEN I
CUT YOU FREE!



LET'S GO!

PRISONER
IS LOOSE!



THE THREE MEN FLEE
IN THE DARKNESS...

SON, THAT
TOOK REAL
COURAGE!
I GUESS I
WAS WRONG
ABOUT YOU!

WE'RE NOT OUT
OF IT YET, PA
...HANG ON
TIGHT!



AS DAWN
BREAKS OVER
THE WAGON
TRAIN CAMP...

DAVE... AND MR. HALE...
I OWE YOU BOTH AN
APOLOGY! THIS BOY
OF MINE IS REALLY
SOMETHING!

ONE CORRECTION, MR. LOCKE... NOT BOY...
FROM NOW ON YOU CAN CALL HIM **MAN**!

FLINT'S RIGHT, SAM! **YESSIR!**
THESE LAST TWELVE HOURS HAVE
SURE BEEN FULL OF DECISIONS... ALL
RIGHT ONES! WE'RE A MIGHTY LUCKY
BUNCH OF TRAVELERS TO HAVE THAT
SUN COMING UP BEHIND
US THIS MORNING!





WAGON TRAIN SCOUTING FOR DANGER

CHEYENNE

DAKOTA

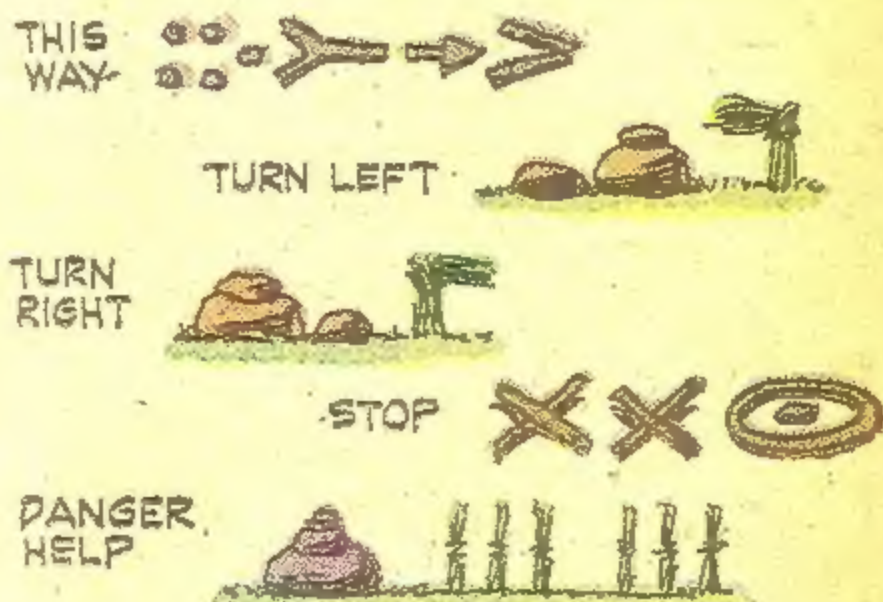
CROW

PAWNEE

ARAPAHO

JUST ABOUT THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS TO A SCOUT ARE SIGNS. IF HE KNOWS WHAT TO LOOK FOR AND HOW TO INTERPRET THE SIGNS HE SEES, HE CAN SAVE HIMSELF AND THE TRAVELERS IN HIS CARE MUCH MISERY AND EVEN DANGER.

DIFFERENT INDIAN TRIBES WEAR DIFFERENT TYPES OF MOCCASINS, DEPENDING UPON THE AREA IN WHICH THEY LIVE. A GOOD SCOUT CAN DETECT THE PRESENCE OF INDIANS AND THE TRIBE THEY BELONG TO BY THE PRINTS OF THEIR MOCCASINS.

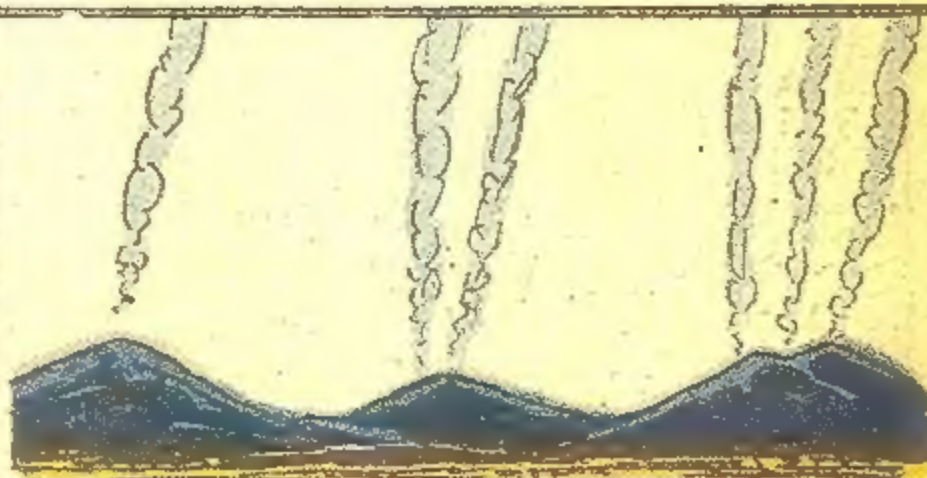


ANIMAL TRACKS, TOO, TELL THE SCOUT MUCH THAT HE NEEDS TO KNOW. IF THE PRINTS WERE MADE BY DANGEROUS WILD ANIMALS, THEY ARE A WARNING TO BEWARE. BUT THE PRINTS OF SMALL GAME SHOW HIM THAT FOOD IS NEAR.

SCOUTS WHO PIONEER NEW TRAILS LEAVE MARKERS TO GUIDE TRAVELERS WHO MAY FOLLOW THEM. THEY ARE MADE OF STONES, TWIGS, OR EVEN GRASS KNOTTED INTO TUFTS ...THE FORERUNNERS OF OUR MODERN HIGHWAY MARKERS.



SIGNS WERE ALSO CARVED INTO TREES OR ETCHED ON THE SMOOTH SIDES OF BOULDERS. THESE WERE INVALUABLE, AND OFTEN LIFE-SAVING GUIDES, PARTICULARLY TO PIONEERS TRAVELING ALONE ALONG NEW AND UNFAMILIAR TRAILS.



CAMP IS
HERE

COME TO
COUNCIL

HELP

SENDING MESSAGES BY SIGNAL FIRE WAS A CUSTOM OF THE INDIANS WHICH THE SCOUT LEARNED TO READ AND TO USE. THEY TOLD HIM OF INDIAN PLANS FOR ATTACK; AND HE WAS ABLE TO SIGNAL HIS OWN REMOTE WAGON TRAIN BY THIS MEANS.

SCOUTING FOR DANGER

(CONTINUED)



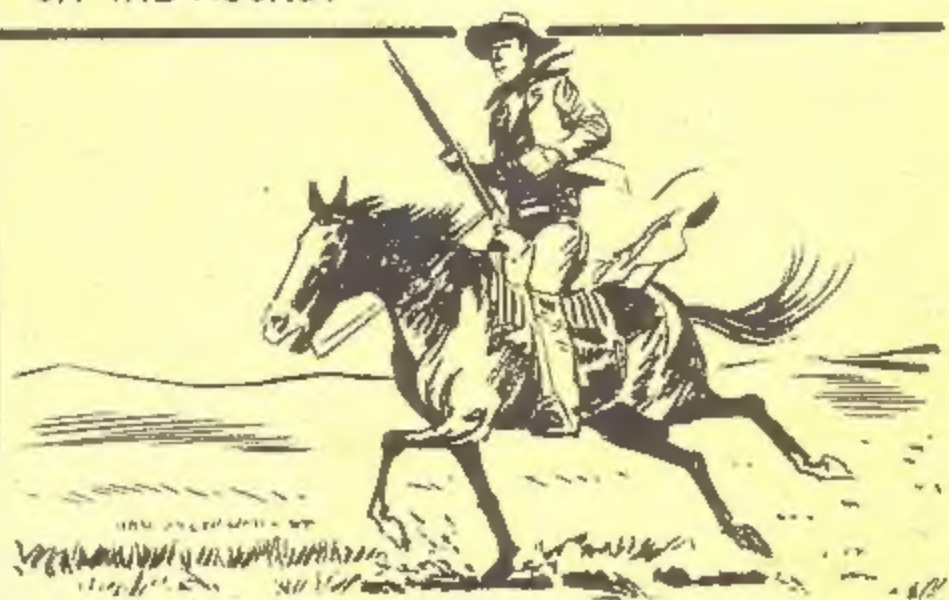
SIGNS ARE ALSO IMPORTANT TO THE SCOUT WHO MUST TURN DETECTIVE ON THE TRAIL OF AN OUTLAW OR FUGITIVE. IN SUCH CASES, THE SIGNS HE LOOKS FOR ARE ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, SINCE HE IS TRACKING A QUARRY WHO WILL DO EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO CONCEAL HIS PRESENCE.



MANY A FLEEING FUGITIVE TRIES TO AVOID BEING FOLLOWED BY ESCAPING THROUGH ROCKY, BOULDER-STREWN TERRAIN. BUT EVEN HERE HE LEAVES A TRAIL, AND THE SHARP EYES OF A SCOUT CAN EASILY DETECT HIS DIRECTION BY A CLOSE STUDY OF THE SCRAPES MADE ON THE ROCKS.



HOOF AND BOOT PRINTS USUALLY HAVE SOME DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC WHICH MAKES THEM EASILY IDENTIFIABLE. THE TWO SIDE BY SIDE MAY MEAN THAT MAN AND ANIMAL HAVE TRAVELED FAR AND ARE WEARY AND WATER-STARVED.



ANOTHER SIGN BY WHICH A SCOUT CAN FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF HIS QUARRY IS GRASS. WHEN IT SHOWS DEFINITE MARKS OF BEING BENT IN ONE DIRECTION BY TRODDING FEET OR HOOF, THE ROUTE OF THE PURSUED IS OBVIOUS.



SOME MEN ON THE RUN WILL BE CARELESS ABOUT LEAVING EVIDENCE OF THEIR PRESENCE AT A RECENTLY ABANDONED CAMPSITE. TO A WELL-TRAINED SCOUT, HOWEVER, THE TEMPERATURE OF A FIRE IS ENOUGH, FOR, THE COLDER IT IS, THE LONGER AGO IT WAS USED.



TRULY, A SCOUT IS THE EYES OF A WAGON TRAIN. HE MUST SEE DANGER BEFORE HIS CHARGES ARE UPON IT AND AVERT TRAGEDY BEFORE IT CAN STRIKE. THIS IS NO MEAN TASK.

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